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For old smooth Qvarles himself, and not his Sonne;
Who sighing how KINGS fell, and Subjects rose,
Scornes to mis-spend one single Teare in Prose;
This Book's his shadowe, Hee's his Father's Shade
QVARLES is a Poet as well Borne as Made.



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Fons Lachrymarum;

OR A

FOUNTAIN

OF

TEARS:

From whence doth flow

Englands Complaint,

Jeremiahs Lamentations

PARAPHRASED,

WITH

Divine Meditations

AND AN

ELEGY

Upon that Son of Valor

Sir CHARLES LUCAS.

Written by JOHN QUARLES.

280. n. 223

London, Printed by *J. Macock* for *Nathaniel Brooks* at the Angel in *Cornhil*. 1648.



TO THE

Illustrious Prince CHARLES, Prince of WALES.

IF *the Current of my affections force me against the Rocks of presumption, I humbly crave the assistance of Your gracious*

pardon: The extent of my ambition is to prostitute at Your Highnesses feet the first fruits of an Orchard, which I planted in Flaunders, *during the time of my banishment, and now have brought them into* England *to be pres'd for growing in a strange Country; I confess, the fruit is* green, *and* sowre, *and cannot ripen till it feel the Sun-shine of Your* Princely eye; *nor sweeten, till Your approbation shall be pleased to afford them a liking, and that liking honor them*

them with a free acceptance. There is nothing that can make me eſteem my ſelf unhappy, but that the ſeverity of theſe times *will not permit me to tender Your Highneſs that ſervice which my heart is ambitious to perform, and my duty binds me to acknowledg: I have nothing that I can ſtile my own but a fidelious heart, which ſhall always pray for Your proſperity; and that Your ſucceſſes may (like waves) ride in one upon the back of another; and that at laſt, You*

may

may, like the Sun, break through the Clouds of Oppoſition, *and once more ſhine in Your proper* Hemiſpere: *Heaven ſeaſon Your royall Heart with the principles of Wiſdom, and grant that You may not* Hide *Your Counſels in the boſomes of them that honor You with their* lips, *when their* hearts *are far from You. Theſe are the ſerious and fervent Prayers of him, that deſires to live no longer then he is willing to devote himſelf*

himself to Your Highnesses Commands, and is

Your Highnesses
most obliged
Servant,

JOHN QUARLES.

TO

TO
THE READER.

Kind Reader,

I Here preſent to thy view a *Fountain*, from which doth flow, *Complaints*, *Lamentations*, and *Meditations*, three neceſſaries for theſe Times. Never were *Complaints* more frequent, then they are in this age of obduracy and oppreſſion; Nor *Lamentations* more requiſite, then in theſe Lachrymable Times; Nor *Meditations* more commendable, then

in

in these days of uncertainty. Reader, I shall desire thee to pass by the errors of the Press, which are now too late to correct: Had not the perverseness of these times debarred me from coming to the Press, the Printers Mistakes had not been so numerous. For my own part, I have nothing to boast of, but this, that I am confident the judicious Reader will pardon the weakness of my endeavors, and know, that the tallest Cedars were but twigs at first.

Reader,

Farewel.

TO
My dear Friend the *AUTHOR.*

THe Son *begins to riſe, the* Father's *ſet:*
Heav'n took away one light, *and pleas'd to let*
Another riſe. Quarles, *thy Light's divine,*
And it ſhall teach, Darkneſs it ſelf, to ſhine.
Each word revives thy Fathers name, *his art*
Is well imprinted in thy noble heart.
I've read thy pleaſing lines, wherein I find
The rare Endeavors of a modeſt mind.
Proceed as well as thou haſt well begun,
That we may ſee the Father *by the* Son.

R. L.

TO

TO

My much esteemed Friend th

AUTHOR,

On his Book intitled

Fons Lachrymarum.

THou prov'st Prophetick *in thy doleful Mu*
Whilst it the Prophets *mournful* tears *renew*
Yet e're thy tears *be spent, may* England *stand*
In her first glory, *rais'd by* Charls *his hand.*
Then may each drop (to add unto her grace)
Turn solid pearl, and beautifie her face:
There, whilest in native brightness fix'd they l
Their radiant lustre shall reflect on thee.

Rich. Quiney.

Ex

Englands Complaint.

EXperience tells us those that are in pain,
Need neither *Act* nor *Ordinance* to complain;
Griefs have their priviledg; whose passions break
All Laws, *and Losers claim a power to speak.*
If passion be too rude (*Reader*) excuse;
Grief knows no manners, sorrow needs no Muse.
But stay my hasty quill, forbear, I know
Thou art too young, too tender yet to go
Without a guide, a guide that may direct
Thy staggering feet; A guide that may protect
Thy Infant years. Do not too much endeavour
A fall, at first, will make thee lame for ever.
Invoke the *Nine*, and if they do deny
To give thee ayd, complain to *Mercury*,
Tell him, thou art a *babe*, and dost desire
To warm thy *genius* by the Muses *fire*:
Where are *Apollo's* off-springs? are they tyd
In sorrows chains, e're since *Mecenas* dy'd?
Or are their *Helleconian* waters spent?
Or do they stay t' expect a Complement?
I wonder what they mean, to be thus slow,
In former times they'd run, they'l now scarce go:

My heedless *Muse*, dost thou not understand
Th' are all distracted and dispers'd the Land?
Only *Melpomene*, who now appears
Like *Niobe*, a monument of tears. (thou
Knowst thou not this (rash Muse) then how canst
Implore a help from them that know not how
To help themselves? Why *Pegasus* is made
A poor *Dragoon*; his friends are all betraide:
Though all distracted, and thus routed be,
Yet, helpless Muse, there's Heav'n to succor thee:
Then hear me *Heaven*, Oh hear me, now I sue,
Th' art my *Apollo*, be *Mecanas* too;
And great Conductor of my soul, inspire
My frozen heart with thy celestial fire:
Light thou my Candle, Oh then I shall see,
By thy own Light, how to discover thee;
Inflame my *frozen* senses with thy Spirit,
That I may learn to live, and live t' inherit
The glory of thy Kingdom, and to rest
Where joys are greater then can be expresst;
And so go on, but stay rash quill, and know
What 'tis to be ingag'd, before you go
Too far; Be careful these bad times, unless
Your rash adventure want a good success:
Be wary what you do; these are no times
To please fond fancies with *lascivious Rhymes*.
Be circumspect; Let every word you write
Be Truth, and then let every word invite
A *tear*; each *tear*, a *sigh*; that every *Eye*,
That reads, may melt into an *Elegy*.

And

And curs'd be that dull *eye*, that will not lend
A tear, or two, to see poor *England* spend
Weeks, months, & years, in sighs, in sobs, in groans,
In tears, in prayrs, and will not move the stones?
Vollies of tears, discharged from her eyes,
Shake Heaven and Earth, and penetrate the skies
With sad complaints; heav'n mourns at her condition
And weeps down showrs of tears at her Petition:
Then rouze, ye *Britains*, from your flattering slip,
Hear *Englands* groans, thus she begins to weep;

No *Peace*, no *ease* no *pleasure*, is all gone,
Pursu'd with *envy* and *rebellion*?
Whither, oh whither, are my glories sent;
Banisht my breast by Act of *Parliament*?
Vertue is fled, and scar'd into a trance
By the ill shape of Bugbear *ignorance*.
What *mists* are these that thus eclipse the light
Of *splendent truth*? From whence proceeds this
Of *darkning Errors*? how am I bevail'd (night
Of all my *joys*? Nay, how am I defil'd
With *leprous humors*? Oh how grief transports
My frightned sense! what envy's this resorts
Unto my swelling breast? Is there no mean,
No pleasing Musick to divide my scean?
Were I an *Atlas*, I could not sustain
This Firmament of grief: who can refrain
From falling, that's so much oppresst as I
With such a burthen of *Malicnity*?
Where shall I run, to whom shall I address
My burthened self, or how shall I express

My uncontrouled sorrows, or relate
Th' unhappy discord of my *factious State*?
Where shall I fly? Is there no *Ark* above
To hide me from these *waves*? Is there no *Dove*
To bring me tydings that the Land is clear,
And that the hills of *Peace* do re-appear?
But must I perish? shall the waves of *pride*
Dash me in pieces? still a flowing tyde,
Still flow, and never ebb! Is there no bliss?
Wonder sad soul! *Oh what an Ocean's this!*
Ambitious Winds, why rage ye more and more,
And make the *seas* thus envy at the *shore*?
Is there no *Peter* can pray Heaven to please
To check the *winds*, and qualifie the *seas*?
Am I the worst of all? Is my condition
So bad, that there is no *Petition*
Can have an audience? Ah my conscience saith,
I've *Peters* fears, but yet want *Peters* faith:
Here let us stop a little, and advise
With flesh and blood; Can greater wants arise,
To damage souls, then *faith*, whose want procures
All these extreams, which my poor heart endures?
Oh, no, there cannot: he that wants the hand
Of *soul-supporting faith*, forgets to stand:
This is my want, and till I find relief,
I'le lie and tumble in the shades of grief,
And glut the ayr with sighs; my hideous cries
Shall roar like thunder in the troubled skies:
Oh that my *eyes* were *Oceans*, that I may
Drown all my sorrows in one stormy day;

Or

Or would pleas'd *Heaven*, enable me to ſtrain,
To gulp up *ſeas*, and weep them out again;
Then ſhould my briny ſtreams guſh forth ſo faſt,
That every tear ſhould ſtrive to be the laſt;
So the ſwift current of my ſwelling eyes
Should overflow my heap'd up miſeries:
I have offended Heaven, and now I ſee
My ſins are walls betwixt my God and me,
Which ſtop the paſſage of my fervent prayers,
That there is no prevailing but by tears,
To batter down the wall that thus prevents
My cries, my vows, and hinders my intents
To Heav'n, that Heaven can ſend me no relief,
Nor take me from this *labyrinth* of grief:
Gone are my golden, my forgotten days,
When every bird could whiſtle forth my praiſe:
Gone are thoſe days, when this conſuming earth
Was ſtuffd with pleaſure, & perfum'd with mirth:
Though all be gone, yet will I ſtrive t' endure;
He that hath made the wound, can make the cure:
For now I'm wounded, and my wounds do ſmart
Beyond my Patience; and my tender heart,
Swell'd up with ſorrow, doth predeſtinate
What wo muſt happen to my bleeding State;
My *head*, my head's tormented; and my *eyes*
Are dim, with gazing after vanities:
My *members* ſwell, like Oceans, and from thence
Proceeds ſo great, ſo large a confluence
Of noiſom humors, and they run ſo thick
That they ſurcharge, and make my ſtomack ſick:

I'ave purg'd already, and that will not do,
I fear, I fear, that I muſt vomit too:
I doubt 'tis too much *Action* that hath bred
Theſe ill diſeaſes that diſturb my *head*:
Oh I am ſick to death, my bowels yern!
I freez, I freez, and whileſt I freez, I burn;
I burn, I melt, my ſoul is parch'd within,
(How hot's the furnace of tormenting ſin?)
And Ah! how ſoon is feebled nature lam'd
With joynt-contracting cold; If not inflam'd
By Heavens enlivening fire! how hot's my blood
To what is *bad*, and Ah, how cold to *good*!
Oh grief! how two extreams perplex one heart,
So link'd together, that they cannot part!
Thus am I toſt, and doubtfully oppreſt
Beneath the burthen of a dubious breſt:
Nothing but Wars, and tumults do ariſe;
Thrice happy I, had I known how to prize
My happineſs; Alas I ne're did know
The good of *peace*, til Heav'n was pleaſd to ſhow:
War makes me know, what joy it was before
To live in Peace and plenty, now the more.
I wiſh, I want, and now I know by this,
This want of Peace; what a combining bliſs
It was to live united, and to praiſe
That God of Peace, that bleſt my peaceful days
With large increaſe; Oh miſery to think
Loaded with too much pleaſure how I ſink.
I that was wont to boaſt my heaps of treaſure
Now ſwim in ſorrow, and now ſink in pleaſure:

I that the *world* did envy, now am brought
To be not worth the env'ing, worse then thought,
Revil'd by all; see how the hand of Fate
Hath pleas'd to make me thus unfortunate;
What shall I do? what *physick* can procure
A little ease? I cannot long endure.
Where are my grave *Divines* to give advice
To a relapsing soul? are they grown nice
Of late? Are their conspiring hearts agreed
T' absent themselves in this my time of need?
What do they mean? Oh whither are they fled?
Sure, sure, they're *silenc'd* all, or else all *dead*:
Do they not see me falling? do they stand
Amaz'd, not daring to afford a hand
To help me up? me thinks I hear them cry
That they are falling too, as well as I:
Where is *Religion* that was wont to be
The *Governor* of *Peace*, the branched tree
That ever flourish'd? see, now every *Clown*
Being authoriz'd presumes to cut her down.
Will they still strive with *swords*, with *guns*, with (*clubs*
To pickle my Religion up in tubs?
Have they no *Reason*, hath their greedy *zeal*
Swallow'd up all their Senses at one meal?
Have they agreed that *Piety* and *Reason*
Shall be *condemn'd*, and *voted* into *Treason*?
Or hath their *hell-bred thoughts* found out a way
To turn our *Sion* to a *Golgotha*?
Hath the *Tartarian* counseller invented
Such thriving plots which cannot be prevented?

Leave of base Acts, *Mechanicks*, and begin
To deal uprightly and reform within;
Bury your *aged crimes*, and then go call
Your straggling *senses* to the *Funeral*: (tran
Adjourn your thoughts, which now are quite con
To Peace, and think a *peace* is necessary.
Honor your higher *Powers*, and do not mock,
And vilifie them as your laughing stock.

There are a *brain-sick multitude*, a *rabble*
Of all *Religions* that do dayly squabble
About *vain shades*, and let the *substance* pass,
Hating *good manners* as they hate the *Mass*:
'Tis such as these which thus my *woes* advance,
Whose very *souls* are starv'd with *ignorance*:
'Tis such as these who daily strive to smother
The *truth* with *flattring zeal*, & call him *brother*,
Nay, *holy brother*, though his *faith* be small,
If he can *rail*, and reverently *baul*
Against *grave Bishops*, and their *pious King*,
Oh this is *holy*, nay a *zealous thing*:
And those are holy that can pray by chance
According to the Spirits *influence*,
And teach their *prick-ear'd brethren* to deny
The *Common Prayer*, but know no reason why;
And those whose great humility can be
Content to make a Pulpit in a *tree*,
Or in some *Barn*, there by the Spirit pray
Five or six hours, not caring what they say:
Or if a *Black-smith*, or a *Tinker* can
Hammer out Treason, he's a zealous man.

Or

Or if a learned *Cobler* will be ſure
To ſtitch it cloſe, oh he's a *Chriſtian pure!*
Oh theſe are holy, yea, and *learned Teachers*,
Theſe are *Divines*, and only theſe are *Preachers*:
They'l cry all learned *Prelats* out of ſeaſon, (reaſō.
They muſt not preach, for fear they ſhould ſpeak
Oh theſe are they, whoſe ruder tongues can cry.
Advance *Mechanicks*, down with *Majeſty*:
Theſe, theſe, are they, whoſe dūghil thoughts could
Attain perfection, but they ſtill endeavor (never
To baniſh *Wiſdom*, that at laſt they may
Make all the world as ignorant as *they*.
See how they'ave turn'd my *joy* to griping *ſadnes*,
Plenty to *Want*, and *peace* to downright *madnes*;
Vertue to *vice*, and *chaſtity* to *vainneſs*,
Learning to *ſcorn*, *Religion* to *prophaneſs*,
Flattry to *zeal*, and *non-ſenſe* unto *Reaſon*,
Honor to *ſhame*, and *Loyalty* to *Treaſon*,
Pity to *murther*, *truth* to feigned *lyes*,
Prayers to *curſes*, *plundring* to a *prize*:
Thus, thus, they gripe my *ſoul*, and go about
To change my ſhape, and turn my *inſide out*.
Unhumane Actions, *Ah* who can behold
Such *Tyrannies*, and not his blood grow cold!
Break, break, ye flood-gates of my brim-filld *eyes*,
And let my tears have paſſage to ſurprize
This ſort of ſorrow, and tumultuous cares,
And drench the mountains in a ſea of tears.
Forbear, ye lowring *skies*; there is no need
Ye ſhould disburſe a ſhowre: I have agreed

With

With sorrow, and his *powers*, still to remain
Clouded with *grief*, and fill the earth with rain;
Oh horrid, dismal, Heav'n-provoking *times*,
Surpassing *Sodoms*; nay *Gomorrah's* crimes
Were ne're so bad; Oh *Hel-invented fate*,
Worse then the worst that I can nominate.
Are these my *people*, for whose sakes I lie
Involv'd with *torments*, wrap't in *Tyranny*?
Are these my *Sons*, whose sorrows now I weep?
Are these my *children*, that are lul'd asleep?
See how secure they rest, and never fear
Approaching *woe*; mine eyes, can ye forbear.
To vent ten thousand *tears*? oh never let
Your lids conceal you, til y'ave paid the debt
Ye owe to sorrow, for those sins which thirst
For greater plenty, then can be disburst:
Oh sigh, sad *soul*, until thy heart be sore,
Then sigh, because thou canst not sigh no more.
Oh that my voice, like *thunderclaps* could tear,
And split the *portals* of each *deafned ear*.
That so my cries, might ravish every brain,
And fil'd with *horror*, make them deaf again.
And this I wish, because my *Sons* are all
So deaf, they will not hear me when I call:
Did they not flourish in a *peaceful state*,
Injoying store of all things, till of late,
They grew thus *factious*? and have I not been,
In former times, the worlds admired *Queen*?
Have not all *Nations* formerly been proud
To do me service? have they not allow'd

A due respect unto me every where,
And honored me, if not for *love*, for *fear*?
And must I now by your, your, means incur,
As many plagues, as mischief can infer?
Must I now *pine away*, that have been *strong*?
Must I now *stoop*, that have stood up so *long*?
Must I be now *subordinate* to *those*
That never dar'd subscribe themselves my *foes*?
Must I be now *divided*, that was never
Divided yet? Must I be lost for ever?
Must I be now *consumed* and thrown down?
And must they scoff me now, that dar'd not frown
In former times? Must I be now confounded?
Must I be now revil'd, and cal'd a *Roundhead*?
Must I be now nick-nam'd? Must *frighted fame*
Sound a Retreat, and scorn to own my name?
Must I be now dispers'd? Must my own hand
Destroy the bounty of my fruitful Land? (glory
Oh grief-transcending thought, shall *Englands*
Be thus abstracted, and thus made a story
To after ages? Would not this perplex
A soul, that never knew, what 'twas to vex?
What grief can equalize my grief? What pain
Can be equivalent? would any gain
Experience? If they would, may they incline
themselves to this experienc'd grief of mine:
Ah grief of days: what marble eye can read
Of such extreams as mine, and never bleed?
'Twould dull the sharpest brain to meditate
Upon my grief; nay, make them desperate.

A 2 Had

Had *Nero* liv'd in this tempestuous age;
He might have blusht to see his boiling rage,
Out-vied by yours; nay, *Chorah* and his crew
Never pursu'd their *Moses*, as ye do,
With such untutor'd violence; 'tis strange,
Oh whither will your headlong fury range?
Advise by times, and know there is a God
That overlooks you: Know, that *Moses* Rod
May turn a *greedy Serpent*, and devour,
As well the *greater*, as the *smaller power*.
Go, go ye sad contrivers of these times,
Consult with sorrow: Think on all those crimes
Ye have committed; and then think what you
Have done, and after what ye have to do.
Advise with care, for your condition's such,
T'ave much to do, because y'ave done too much.
Too much; Alas too much in my *sad State*
Is done already; and I fear too late
For remedy: And secret danger lies
In dull delay: 'tis wisdom to advise
Betimes; for true and timely care prevents
Untimely ruin, hindring the intents
Of studied *malice*; industry prepares
A *balm* for that which *negligence* impairs.
Those that by dreaming sloth, sustain a loss,
Obtain least pitty, and the greatest cross.
Consider what a grief 'twill be to see
The sad destruction of this *Monarchie*
Wrought by your slothful negligence, when all
My lofty structures, by your hands must fall:

Nay

Nay, worse then this, when *famine* shall devour
What *fire*, and *sword* hath left; when every hour
The *Bells* shall toul; with such a feeble sound,
As if that they themselves, a want had found.
Will it not melt a stone to hear the cries
Of *hungry children*, and the sad replies
Of their *dejected friends*? who can forbear
To think on this, and never shed a tear?
How children cry for bread, and fain would rest,
Seeking protections in their mothers brest.
Alas poor *Orphans*, how are they beguil'd,
When the *sad mother's* forc'd to eat the *child*
For want of food, & make their blood their drink!
Oh what a wounding sorrow 'tis to think
How all will be destroyd, both *young* and *old*,
How *warm blood* will be mingled with the *cold*!
How you will roar and cry for want of *bread*,
Some on the ground, some *dying*, and some *dead*;
Some gnaw their flesh, and some fight who shall eat
Each other; *Oh uncomfortable meat.*
And then the *ravening Wolves* seek up and down
To find a prey, in every *starved town*,
Shall eat *deaths reliques*; having spent that store,
Shall ransack up and down, and howl for more.
All *beasts* and *fouls*, shall then amazed stand,
To see the *Sea* is turn'd into a *Land*:
The Land into a Sea, a *Red Sea*, where
Nothing but *bones*, instead of *fishes* are. (groans,
Where nothing's heard, but cries, and shrieks, and
Where nothing's seen, except consuming bones.

Oh had you but the power to apprehend
These sad *destructive dangers*, how they tend
Daily towards us, with all the power that they
Can make, as if they'd rout us in one day:
Dull sons of men, have ye forgot to rise,
And draw the *Curtains* of your slumbring eyes?
Methinks this hot *Alarum* should affright
Your souls for ever from your fond delight!
What do ye mean? ye cannot chuse but hear
Heav'ns thundering Judgments rattling in your ear
What have ye sworn Allegiance to the *Prince*
Of utter darkness? Will no words convince
Your Stubborn souls? Has a perpetuall vow
Been lately past, betwixt *Hells Prince* and *you*?
Why do ye thus delight to overthrow
Your selves, and lose a Kingdom at one blow?
Oh where are my *grave Rulers* to correct
These their *enormous* humours, that infect
The world with *Errors*? To what fatall place
Are all my *Senators* retired?

You my Triennial Powers, come and dispose
Your ears to my discourse; and He disclose
My grief to you, whose Judgments can prescribe
A timely remedy without a bribe.
Then hark!

THe climing power of my disease is grown
To such a height, that I can hardly own
A minutes rest; my *body politick*
You apprehend (I know) is very sick:

Then

Then let the depth of understanding move
The depth of pitty, that ye may remove
These growing inconveniences, that mourn
For your assistance: Can a Kingdom groan,
And not be heard? Can a disease remain
Within my body, and not I complain
Of what I suffer? That were Tyrannie
Not to be paraleld; O pitty me,
And let the fervour of my language turn
Your thoughts to tears, to quench those flames that
My wasting intrals; Let your hearts relent
With meditating on my discontent:
Open your willing ears, and hear me call;
Oh do not fall asslumbring whilst I fall:
Oh hear me soon, that now complain too late:
Let my complaints make you compassionate;
Dissolve into a Sea of tears. Involve
Your selves with sackcloth. Let your minds revolve
Upon your *native soil*; resolve to spend
Your greatest skils, to consummate the end
Of my distractions; and let *mercy* joyn
With *justice*; so shall endless love combine you
Your souls: That like *Ezekiels* wheels ye may
Run one within another, and not stray:
But like *Isaiahs* Seraphims, may cry
O holy, holy, holy God on high.
But stay? nor can I end, my griefs must fly
A little further; Mountains that are high
Must be discovered: Molehills often times
Lie out of sight, like undiscovered crimes.

A publike sorrow oftentimes admits
A cure from them, whose more concreted wits
Do daily study with more active arts
More *publique* mischief with more *private* hearts
Doth not the fawning *Crocodile* obtain
By publique sorrow her more private gain?
Doth not the crafty *Lapwing* cry the least,
When she is nearest to her close-made nest?
Are there not those in this conniving age,
Whose outward meekness is but inward rage?
Are there not those in these contentious times,
That live by nothing, but their private crimes?
Oh, grief to speak it: Are there not a sort
Of wilful people, that can make a sport
At others ruins, whose pretended *zeal*
Hath bred much mischief in this *Common-weal*?
Are there not those that would pretend to be
Reformers, yet deform a *Monarchie*?
Are there not those, whose *upstart honors* crave
Perpetual durance, only to enslave
The *Sons of honor*? Thus they play the thief,
And joy in nothing, but in others grief.
Are there not those, who in one breath can cry
Against a *Lyar*, yet can forge a *lye*
For their advantage, and abjure the *Laws*?
Lyes are no *lyes*, if they advance their *Cause*.
Are there not those that persecute the *Arts*,
And yet retain *Monopolizing* hearts?
Are there not those that dayly take delight
To twist themselves into anothers *right*?

Do not all *these*, which I have nam'd, pretend
To do all this, to a *religious end?*
And ah Religion! how art thou betray'd
By those, whose worthlesse industry have layd
Thine *honor* in the dust; nay, and have thrown
Dirt in their faces, that shall dare to own
Thy very name? these are a sort of people
That love not Church, because they hate the steeple:
I dare affirm, that *Proteus* ne're could be
So much transform'd, as they have transform'd
Nor can I yet conclude; I must deplore (thee:
My greater sorrows, yet a little more:
Let no man take exceptions, for I speak
Unto my self; *sorrow must find a leak.*
I cannot hold; and oh that I were able
To make my feeble tongue infatigable,
That by my full expressions, I may prove
How much the *Serpent* over-rules the *Dove.*
There was a time (not long since) when my *fits*
Had found an expiation, if those *wits*
(Which prov'd too serpentine) had not delayd
Their too-soon violated vows, and playd
A double game: I even blush to name
What odds they had, and how they lost the game.
The world (though sad) is not so melancholly,
But that it smiles at, and records that folly:
The breach of vows cracks honor, and the loss
Of opportunity, deserves a cross
In honors book; and he that shall neglect
A publike good, shall find a bad respect

In private hearts, and *ruine* must attend
A publique Actor, for a private end.
Are there not those hate *Rome*, and yet make room
For *Catiline*, and labour to entomb
His vile *prescriptions* in their Romish thoughts,
And yet excuse *themselves*, and *him*, from faults?
Do I not see them how they run his *paths*
With headlong force, and prosecute his *Laws*?
Do I not see their *Agents*, how they strive
To ruine *others*, and to keep alive
Themselves, that liv'd not, till this *greedy age*
Rak'd them from *dunghils*, to adorn the *Stage*
Of Hell-bred Tyranny? Do I not see
How much they'r honor'd for their *Tyrannie*?
The *Salamander*, when hee's crown'd with fire,
Is in his Kingdom; if his Crown expire,
His life concludes: Tell me what then remains,
Except the reliques of consuming flames.
Even so the *Salamanders* of these dares,
(Whose hearts are made of flames) at last will
And smother into *ashes*: Thus declin'd, (blaze,
What can they leave (except a stink) behind?
Each thing must live within it's *element*;
Discretion tells us, fishes must content
themselves with water; and all things must live
Content, with that which Heav'n was pleas'd to
'Tis only *man* that suffers with desire: (give.
The *earth*, the *ayr*, the *water* quickning *fire*:
And all was made for *man*, and *man* was made
Or all these things: Oh let it not be sayd,

That

That *fire* predominates, and breeds conteſt
Within my bowels, and deſtroys the reſt.
Oh ſtrive, now your *unruly flames* ariſe,
To quench your hearts with *water* from *your eyes*:
Strive not with *Cataline*, that laviſh creature,
To ſtop *great miſchiefs*, by *enacting greater*:
But tell me now, how can your thoughts reflect
Upon a *Peace*, when as ye diſ-reſpect
The *principle*? 'tis an uncertain way
To gain a *Peace* by *arms*; for every day
Will breed new *tumults*, which will in concluſion
Inciron row With Armies of confuſion:
Peace cannot ſwim in *blood*, blood cannot ſtand
Like *pools of water* in a *peaceful Land*.
Delight not thus in contraries; forſake
Your former ways, let not your hearts partake
Of *blood*, and *rwine*; Heav'n will never own
A *blood-bedabbled* ſoul: 'Tis not unknown
How ye have belch'd out *oaths*, & vow'd to bring
Peace to your *Country*, *honor* to your *King*: (*glory*
Now wher's your *Countries peace*? now wher s the
Your *King* was promis'd? *Oh nefandous ſtory!*
Can *peace* and *ſtrife* cohabitate? Can *fame*
And *glory be impriſon'd*? 'Tis your ſhame,
Not *his diſhonor*, that ye perpetrate
Such *horrid acts*: I tremble to relate
What I have ſuffer'd: Is't not *you* that have
Exploded all my *comforts*? You that crave
(Like *greedy Cormorants*) ſtill *more* and *more*,
Pretending *charity*, yet ſtarve the *poor*?

Was it not you, whose active hands provided
T. pull down *Crosses*, that have thus divided
My yielding people? Can ye now pull down
These Crosses ye have builded? You that crown
Your hearts with *malice*, will you always stand
In opposition? Will you still command
In spight of fortune? Will ye always be
Majestique too, in spight of *Majestie?*
I may affirm, that never *Nation* had
So good a King, whose Subjects are so bad.
Do ye not see how Heav'n hath pleas'd to smile
Upon his soul, and bless him all this while
With long-continued patience? It is he
Whose life, hath given life to Pietie.
He is a second *Job*, whose patience can
Outvie the base indignities of man:
Go ransake *Europe*, see if you can find
A more composed Prince, whose noble mind
Can entertain a grief, and never vent
(But turn) his passion into blest content;
Whole volumns of his griefs may be expresst;
And since I dare not speak, Ile weep the rest:
Oh stop my tears, or else my eyes will flow
Into a deluge; for my sorrows know
No mean at all; extreams of tears must fall
For such extreams of grief: Attend me all,
Whose hearts are not too flinty; Ile declare
Your Soveraigns suffering, with your Soveraigns
How many widowed nights has his sad heart (care
Worn out with sorrow, having none t impart

His

His thoughts unto, except he pleaſe to ſpend
His language on the ears of ſuch a friend
As *Haman* was; whoſe unreſtrained power
Puniſht his own offence in half an hour.
Judg you, whoſe hearts have vow'd a double life,
What are th'endearments of a tender wife.
Judg you(what 'tis) whom bounteous Heav'n hath
With numerous off-ſprings, to be diſpoſeſt (bleſt,
Of thoſe encreaſing comforts, which diſcry
No real joy, but in their parents eye.
And if th'enjoyment of theſe bleſſings yield
Such large content, needs muſt the want unſhield
The ſoul of comfort: Oh unhappy fate!
Who'd be a father at ſo dear a rate?
A wife, unhappy, happy word; a wife
Happy oft-times to an unhappy life:
A wife, that word importeth joys
Unparalel'd; that very word deſtroys
Armies of grief, and oftentimes it brings
A heav'nly ſorrow to the hearts of Kings;
And curs'd be they, heav'n gives me leave to ſpeak,
That ſhall preſume to ſeperate, or break
Conjugal bands; How many in this Land
Lie ſubject to this curſe? how many ſtand
Amaz'd, almoſt diſtracted, that have been
Actors? Heav'n bleſs my King, protect my Queen;
How many falſe aſperſions have you caſt
Upon their heads? Did ye not ſtrive to blaſt
Their ſpotleſs honors? What was ſpoke of late,
I hate to think, much more to nominate:

Admit it had been truth, then had ye not
Prov'd much un uſt, to leave ſo large a blot
Within this *Kingdom*: Thus you can diſcry
Inferior molehills, but let *mountains* lie.
But tell me then, is this the only way
To make a *glorious King?* Heaven grant *he* may
Want ſuch obnoxious *honor*, till he crave
Honor from *you*, to whom *he* honors gave:
Conſider well, and ye will find it true,
'Twas heav'n that made him glorious, & not you:
'Twas he that fill'd his ſoul with true renown,
And crown'd his Croſs as you have croſt his crown.
Heav'n breaks no *Covenants*, he never fails,
He never *unvotes* what he *votes*, or rails
Againſt his *enemies*, but grieves to ſee
Their ſouls run headlong to their deſtinie.
Abuſed *Peace* perverts into a *Curſe*:
What can be *better*, or what may be *Worſe*
Then *Peace*, whoſe preſence (*like the Sun*) diſplays
Its golden enſignes; whoſe refulgent rays
Adorns the *earth*, and fills the gazing eye
With glorious light, and peaceful *Majeſty?*
But when rude *Boreas* ſummons all his *pow'r*,
And argues with the *Seas*; In half an hour
You may behold a change: they which before
Were wrapt in *ſilence*, now begin to rore
Into a *fury*; *contradictions bring*
Endleſs diſputes: Shall *Boreas* be a *King*,
And rule th' unruly *waves?* (when ſurges meet,
How rudely do they part, how rudely greet!)
Whilſt

Whileſt peaceful *Zephyrus* muſt be deny'd
To breathe upon the *floods*? Can ſtorms abide
For ever? No: raſh *Boreas* muſt at laſt
Submit to *Zephyrus*; whoſe milder blaſt
Proclaims a ſudden Peace, and ſtrives to grace
The ſimp'ring Ocean with a ſmoother face:
But whither am I hurried? ſlack my ſails,
I fly beyond my *Port*; I find the gales
Of grief are too robuſtuous, and I doubt
I cannot anchor here, but tack about.
Seven years are now compleated ſince my grief
Had its initiation, yet *relief*
Stands at a diſtance; *Peace* is in a doubt
Whether to come *within*, or ſtay *without*.
Your raſh proceedings, and your great diſgraces
Make *Peace* even bluſh to look *you* in the *faces*:
Oh miſerable men that live to know
Such times, ſuch a reduplicating wo!
Is there no art remains? Is there no way
To ſet you right, that thus have gone aſtray?
Is there no faithful *Lot* to pray for Peace,
And ſtop the *cauſe*, that ſo th' effect may *ceaſe*?
Is there no *Jonah* dare proclaim, and cry
Unto the *ſons of men*, Deſtruction's nigh?
But are they all aſleep, now ſorrows ſwarm?
(Oh how can they repoſe in ſuch a ſtorm!)
Rouze ſlumbring ſouls, and lift your heads above
The decks of negligence; The God of Love
Will be too angry, if you ſleep too long:
Advance your thoughts, and let your pray'rs be

For me, who am thus weak, and must decay,
Except this grief-encreasing *Remora*
Be wip'd away; Oh may I not offend
The Auditor of Heav'n, if I shall spend
Some words to this effect; I must confess
Dear God, I am corrupted, I address
My self to thee; Oh let thy healing hand
Prescribe a Balsam for this bleeding Land:
I have been too progressive, grant I may
Be retrograded to my former way:
Spoil not the path because I step'd aside,
Correct my feet, and let the path abide. (small
What though the path be something rough and
Better's a rough path then no path at all;
For now I ramble up and down, and see
No certainty, except of miserie.
Is it discretion to pull down a fair
Cathedral Church because one spider's there?
Is is discretion to condemn the Sun
Because the *Dial's false*? the times must run
Their revolutions; set the Dial right,
Then you'l not want a truth till *Sol* wants light.
Let all things move within their orbs; suppose
Th' inferior lights should labor to depose
The Prince of light, and drive him from his throne,
And by an usurpation make't their own:
What strange aspects would this produce t'affright
Supine *Astronomers*, to see that light,
Which was at distance, now approach so neer,
And blaze in an improper Hæmisphere:

Consider

Consider then, would not the Stars let fall
Too great an influence, the Sun too small,
On humane bodies? Oh may they remain
In their own Region, then would *Sol* again
Enjoy his just prerogatives, and feed
The world with such a lustre, as I need:
Peace is the light I want, could I obtain
But Peace, how soon should I survive again!
Peace is the best Physitian; I require
Nothing but Peace to quench my hot desire.
A good Physitian will be sure to see,
E're he prescribes, where lies the maladie;
Then he I begin to study, and to try
What may be best; whether *Phlebotomy*
Be good, and if it be, opens a vein,
And so restores his Patients ease again:
Thus, thus, *grand authors* of my woes should you
Have done at first, if ye had been but true
To me; but when at first my griefs you saw
Ye thought it good to purge me with your Law:
And having purg'd me, ye began to see
How weak I was; and what a low degree
Y'ad brought me to, and then ye fell at strife,
By killing me, how to preserve my life.
You brought *strange Doctors* to me, whose advice
I'm sure was purchas'd by too high a price:
They bid me lift my *arms* up to my *head*,
And stir my *Body*; for diseases bred
For want of *exercise*: they bid me play
A game or two at *Irish* every day.

I took th' advice, then I begun to find
A *sudden alteration*, and my *mind*
Was so transported, that me thoughts the ground
Began to dance, *and I my self turn'd round*:
I fell into a *traunce*, with this *presumption*,
And ever since I've liv'd in a *Consumption*.
Let *this example* all the world assure,
An *English* Grief will have no *Scottish* Cure.
And so farewel, if these be your conditions,
Henceforth you may prove—But not Physitians

Englands Petition to Heaven.

Ah me! Ah me! can nothing but *Ah me*
Fly from my *barren heart* (dear God) *to thee?*
Ah me! and why will not that word import
Ten thousand *pray'rs*, that so I may resort
Unto thy ears by *Troops?* then would I run
Division on *ah me*, till time were done.
Weak as I am, *distracted*, and *defil'd*,
I prostitute my self, not as a *child*
Of *Sin*, but as a *Parent* that has had
A numerous *off-spring*; Now my heart is sad,
Oh grant that my unfained *grief* may grow
Upon a real *graft*, that I may show
The fruit of perfect sorrow, and declare
How great my sins, how great thy mercies are:
Storm thou my *sins*, and force them to retreat,
And make my craving *breast* thy *mercies seat:*

Strike

Strike thou my *flinty Soul*, that my desires
May, from *a spark*, encreaſe to *flames*; Thy fires
Muſt thaw my *Icy Soul*, or elſe I ſhall
Remain for ever a *congealed Gall*:
I am compos'd of *ſteel*, and cannot bow,
Except thy *dear inſtructions* teach me how:
Attract *me* by the *loadſtone* of thy *grace*,
That through thy *mercies* I may ſee thy *face*;
And having view'd it, I may never more
Return to what I *Idoliz'd* before;
I have a *Lydia's heart*, in mercy pleaſe
To open it, *thy mercies are the keyes*:
Raviſh my *Soul*, that I may fall in love
With thee, *my God*, with thee; that art a *Dove*
Of innocency: Let my *raptures* mount
As high as Heav'n, that there I may recount
Thy never *failing love*, and ſing thy praiſe
With *Davids heart*, until the *laſt of days*:
Tune thou my *ſtupid ſoul*, and then it ſhall
Be truly ſweet, and heav'nly muſical:
Convert my *words* to *ſighs*, that I may fight
With my own *crimes*, and hate to take delight
To *lacerate my ſelf*; Oh tye the hands
Of fury! *make me ſtoop to thy commands.*
Convert my *tydes of blood* to *ſtreams of tears*;
My *eyes* to *truths*, my *horrid oaths* to *pray'rs*:
Make me to apprehend how *thou* haſt wept
Of late for *me*, whileſt I ſecurely ſlept.
Let not thy *tears* deſtroy me, but let me
Diſſolve to tears (dear God) and weep to thee:

Is it the *heat* of my *offences* makes
The *Heav'ns* to melt, (*O Heav'n some pity take!*)
Or has thy *great discretion* thought it good
To send these *showres* to *wash away that blood*
Which I have lost; I know thy purer eyes
Cannot endure a bloody sacrifice.
Oh stop thy *bottle*, pity my *sad times*,
And grant to *me* more *tears* or fewer *crimes!*
Be pleas'd to view me with a gracious eye,
And let the lustre of thy *Majesty*
Reflect upon *me*, let thy *glorious light*
Create a day of *mercy*, that the *night*
Of *sin* may be expell'd; Oh hear my pray'rs
Usher'd unto thee with a tyde of *tears!*
To me. Oh let thy *mercies* be expreſt,
And fill the *concave* of a ſinful *breſt*;
Sinful, *ah ſinful*, more then I am able
With language to expreſs, *intolerable:*
Behold my *featre'd ſoul*, whoſe wounds proceed
From *ſin*, and being dreſt with *ſin*, they bleed;
They bleed (dear Heav'n) *they blee*, oh what a
A flood they make! & I am bath'd in *blood:* (flood
Oh ſtop this *current* that does ſtill begin,
Or I ſhall drown a *Kingdom* in my *ſin!*
Oh look upon me, and in mercy pleaſe
To ſend me *ſalve* to *palliate* my diſeaſe!
Begin to hear (O GOD) begin to ſend,
That ſo my ſorrows may begin to end.

THE

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

CHAP. I.

Contents.

The miserable estate of Jerusalem by reason of her sins, 12 *She complaineth of her grief,* 18 *and confesseth Gods judgments to be righteous.*

HOw doth the *City*, that was *blest* of *late* 1
With store of *people*, now lament her *state*?
How like a poor distressed *widow* she
Deplores her sorrows, that was wont to be
Great among *Nations*? greater far then any;
How tributary is she now to many?

She

2 She drowns her blushing *cheeks* with midnig
And from her *lovers* can obtain no pray'rs: (tea
Her *friends* arm'd all with treachery, arise
And shew themselves her publick *enemies*:
3 Spurr'd with affliction *Judah's* forc'd to fly,
And throw her self into *Captivity*;
Because of sense-consuming servitude
She dwells amongst the *Heathen* multitude:
Her *Foes* o're-took her when she was distrest;
Well might she wish for, but could take no rest.
4 *Sion* is with redoubled grief surpriz'd,
Because her *feasts* by none are *solemniz'd*:
Her *Gates* are fill'd with *desolation*, and
Her *Virgins* tortur'd with *afflictions* hand:
Her *Priests* with sighs, heart-breaking sighs, expr
Their grief: Ah *Sion's* fill'd with bitterness!
5 Her chiefest people are her chiefest *foes*;
Just Heav'n with these innumerable woes
Plagues her transgressions; and the enemy
Drives her dear *Children* to *Captivity*.
6 And that rare beauty, which adorn'd and grac'd
Sions dear daughter, is of late defac'd:
Her *Princes* fly, and ransack all about,
Like hungry *Harts*, to find a pasture out:
7 They all are fled, and flying can procure
No strength t' oppose the merciless *pursuer*.
7 But when *Jerusalem* was thus confin'd
T' afflictions bawdless bounds, *she* call'd to mind
Her by-past pleasures, and those days which sh
Had spent in *time-devouring Follitie*.

For now her *crying sins* are grown so great (*seat:* 8
That *Heav'n* hath thrown her from his *mercies*
All those that lov'd her, yea and highly priz'd her,
Seeing her shameful *nakedness*, despis'd her:
She sighs & turns her back, as though she'd borrow
A private *breath* t'express a publike *sorrow*:
For being fill'd with wickedness, Her *end* 9
She never thought of; neither had she *friend*
To comfort her: *Oh Lord my God, behold*
My great afflictions: Ah my foe grows bold,
And magnifies himself: His stretch'd-out hand 10
Hath spoild the pleasures of my fruitful Land:
The very Heathen, whom thou didst deny
Thy Congregation, do contemn, defie
Thy just commands; and with unseemly paces
Inforce an entrance to thy holy places.
Her *bread-desiring* people, fill'd with *grief*, 11
Give their chief *treasures* for a *small relief:*
Behold, O Lord, consider my distress,
For I am vile, and fill'd with wickedness.
Oh stop your hasty feet, ye that pass by, 12
And look upon my new-bred *misery*;
Sum up the totals of all grief, then borrow
A million more; 'Tis nothing to that *sorrow*
Which I support, wherewith the *angry power*
Hath pleas'd t'afflict me in *His* wrathful hour:
For he, from his *all-ruling throne* hath sent 13
Into my bones a fiery *Government:*
Yea, and his ever-active *hand* hath set,
T'insnare my feet, a Heav'n-contrived *net:*

And I am desolate; and fainting lie;
Being turn'd from *him*, am turn'd to *misery*.
14 Fast to my servile neck *He* hath bound on
The wreathed yoke of my transgression;
Impair'd my strength, and by *His* just command
I'm thrown into my persecutors hands,
Where I, remorseless I, must still remain,
Voyd of all hope to be inlarg'd again.
15 *His* unresisted strength hath broke the *bones*,
And made a *footstool* of my *Mighty Ones*:
A great Assembly *He* hath call'd that may
Punish my *youngmen* that will not *obey*;
And *Judahs* fairest *Virgin Daughter's* trod
As in a Winepress by th' Almighty God.
16 And oh these *sorrows*, oh these *miseries*
Stir up a *tempest* in my clouded eyes!
Mine eyes, mine eyes, run o're, I dayly spend
More tears then any brain can apprehend:
My foes prevail, my children all are led
Into Captivity, my hopes are fled.
17 *Sion* spreads forth her feeble arms t'express
She seeks for *comfort*, but is *comfortless*.
The *Lord of hosts* commands that *Jacobs* eyes
Shall round about him see his enemies;
And poor dest is'd, distrest *Jerusalem*
Is as a *menstruous woman* amongst them.
18 My God is *just*, yet I, rebellious I,
Transgrest against his glorious Majesty:
Oh hear *my people*, let your ears but borrow
A minutes time, from *Time*, to hear my *sorrow*!

My *Virgins* and my *young men* all are fled
Into *Captivity*; my *Prieſts* are dead:
My *Friends* refuſe to hear me when I call;
For want of *food* my hungry *Elders* fall.
O Lord, behold, ſee how I am oppreſt,
My heart thumps at the portals of my breſt:
Oh, I have ſinned, and my *ſins* indite me; (me.
Abroad the *Sword*, at home grim *Death* affrights
My friends have heard my *groaning*, and my *grief*
Is known to them, But I know no *relief*:
My *foes* with clamorous voyces fill the *earth*,
And make my *grief* the ſubject of their *mirth*:
But *Heav'n* hath nam'd a day when theſe my *foes*
Shall be *Co-partners* in my mock'd at *woes*.
O God, let not their faults be hid from thee,
But deal with them as thou haſt dealt with me:
My heart is faint, my ſtrugling *ſighs* are many,
My *griefs* too great to be expreſt by any.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

IF thou wouldſt know, my *Soul*, what harms attend
A *ſinners* progreſs to his journeys end: (tend
Here, here, thou mayſt, if with impartial eyes
Thou wilt obſerve th'unſatiate *miſeries*
Of poor *Jeruſalem*, whoſe tedious *groans*,
Whoſe *ſighs*, and *ſobs*, & *tears*, the world bemoans.

Observe her heedless steps, and thou shalt know
Sin was the *Author* of her self-will'd *Wo.*
'Twas sweet first, but sowre in th'event,
That little word assumes a large extent:
Where *Sin* predominates, there we may find
The inconvenience of a troubl'd *mind:*
For when the *mind*'s perplex'd, then we begin
Either to fall to, or to fall from *Sin:*
For like the restless sea she's active still,
And always agitating *good* or *ill*;
If well imploy'd, she builds a *wall* about
The *Soul*, to keep approaching *dangers* out:
But if she spends her thriftless hours in *Evil*,
She makes a *banquet* to invite the *Devil*,
Who with his subtle and misguiding force
Will re-invite her to a second *course.*
And then let *Christians* judg how much *disquiet*
That *Soul* sustains that loves the *Devils diet.*
Ah then my *Soul*, if thou desir'st to be
Exempted from the *lot* of *miserie*,
Make *Heav'n* thy refuge; there thou mayst be sure
To find contentment and repose secure:
Thou needst not fear, there is no *poys'nous thing*
Can wound that *Soul* that truly loves his *King:*
Nor all the *malice* mortals can invent,
Shall add to thee one mite of *discontent:*
There is no *sorrow*, no *calamity*
T'oppress thy *thoughts*; No wry-look'd *enemy*
T'upbraid thy *actions:* then my *Soul* advise
How much it profits to be *heav'nly wise.*

Ah

Ah had *Jeruſalem*, whoſe grief no *pen*
Can e're engrave into the hearts of *men*,
Been wiſely wary, ſhe had never known
Thoſe late reap'd *ſorrows*, which her *ſins* had ſown:
Had ſhe but ſearch'd her *boſom*, and contriv'd
Her *actions* well, her *glory* had ſurviv'd:
Had ſhe with *Davids* tears in time repented,
Thoſe uncorrected ſins her heart lamented,
She had not felt thoſe *judgments* which did wait
Upon the *ruines* of her falling *State*:
But whileſt her eyes were muffl'd and deluded,
Folly came in where *Reaſon* was excluded.

Needs muſt that Kingdom unto ruine run,
Where Folly ſets and riſes with the Sun.

Like as the body that's oppreſs'd with grief
Can neither hope for, nor obtain relief,
Till the *diſeaſe* be known, there's none can tell
The *rage* of *ſickneſs* that was always *well*:
Even ſo *Jeruſalem*, becauſe that ſhe
Judg'd not the *Reaſon* of her *Miſerie*
Till ſhe was paſt *recovery*, could never
Have health reſtor'd her, but was ſick for ever.

Alas! alas! that Kingdom needs muſt fall,
That has a grief ſo Epidemical.

Had ſhe but like the *Ninevites* in time
Stop'd thoſe diſtemp'ring *humors*, wch did climbe
Above her *ſtrength*, her *grief* had quickly ended,
And *heav'n* revok'd thoſe *judgments* he intended.
Med'cines are *vain things* when apply'd too late,
And through delay a grief grows deſperate:

He that is *Sin-ſick* is in bad condition,
Except Heav'n pleaſe to be his *Souls Phyſitian*:
And if God once deny his Patient bliſs,
Whoſe muſt the fault be, when the fault's not his?
Alas! alas! 'tis but in vain for any
To ſtrive to cure one grief, that had ſo many
As ſad *Jeruſalem* had; her *plagues* were more
Then all the world could reckon up before:
She had a *Monop'ly*, ſhe need not borrow,
She was the *Hieroglipick* of all *ſorrow*.
Yet if in time ſhe'd made repentant *moan*,
Heav'n could have cur'd them *all* as well as *one*.
There is no *Sin*, let it be *great* or *ſmall*,
But Heav'n can find a *balſam* for them all.
My *Soul*, thou art my *Monarch*, therefore I
May boldly look into thy *Monarchy*:
Firſt, *praiſe thou Heav'n*, then *learn to be content*
With what he ſends thee; let thy *government*
Be ſtill *Monarchical*, and fenc'd about
With *fervent prayers*, to keep *Sedition* out.
Let *Watch* and *Ward* be kept, leſt *Traytor Sin*
Betray thee; Let not *Faction* come within
Thy *liſts*: And ſtill be careful to ſurprize
Rebellious thoughts as ſoon as they ariſe:
For if they once appear within thy *borders*,
They'l breed *confuſion*, and confus'd *diſorders*.
Learn to be *Wiſely politick*, and be
Ready to let *Religion* counſel thee.
Let *Reaſon* be thy *guide*, and let thy *Laws*
Be *truly executed*; Let thy *Cauſe*

Be

Be just and real: then my *Soul*, be sure
To let thy *fundamental Laws* endure,
Till he that sits on the refulgent Throne
Shall take thee hence, and keep thee for his own.

CHAP. II.

Contents.

1 *Jeremiah lamenteth the misery of Jerusalem.*
20 *He complaineth thereof to God.*

BEhold! *Heav'ns Metropolitan* hath spread 1
His gloomy clouds of *anger* on the head
Of sad *Jerusalem*: He hath destroy'd
Those bounteous treasures *Israel* injoy'd;
And from his *mem'ry* hath his footstool thrown,
When he with floods of *anger* was o'reflown.
And *Jacobs* habitations he unfram'd, 2
And wrathfully consum'd them: Thus inflam'd
The strongest castles *Judahs* Daughter had,
He tumbled down, and made her people sad:
And he, to shew what his grand power could do,
Defil'd the *Kingdom* and the *Princes* too.
His two-edged *passion* hath cut off the *horn* 3
And *Chief* of *Israel*, made him a *scorn*

To his deriding *Foes*, and alſo ſtayd,
Yea and withdrawn his *right hand* from his ayd.
His fury like an all-conſuming *flame*
Burn'd againſt *Jacob*, and devour'd his *name*.
4 His wreſtleſs *arm* hath bent his yeelding *bow*;
He ſtood reſolved like a dauntleſs *foe*:
And in the *Tabernacle* he hath ſlew
The eyes delight, like fire his anger flew.
5 He threw down *Iſraels* ſtrongeſt *ſituations*,
And fill'd *Jeruſalem* with *lamentations*.
6 And like a fruitleſs *garden* hath layd voyd
Th'infected *Tabernacle*, and deſtroy'd
Th'*aſſemblies ſtructures*; and an angry wind
Hath blown their *Feaſts* and *Sabbaths* from his
Both *Kings* & *Prieſts* in anger he forgot, (mind;
And look'd on them as if he ſaw them not.
7 His *holy places*, and his *Altar* he
Abhor'd: and gave unto the *Enemie*
Her faireſt *palaces*: their ill-tun'd *voyces*,
As on a *feaſt day*, fill'd the *Church* with *noiſes*.
8 His *hand* ſtretch'd forth a *line*, when he intended
To ruine *Sion* that ſo much offended:
He hath reſolv'd *deſtruction*; therefore all
The *rampart* languiſh'd with the gliding *wall*.
9 He hath deſtroy'd, and batter'd down her *grates*
The gaping *Earth* imbowell'd all her *Gates*:
Her *King* and *Princes* dwell with *Gentiles*; and
Her *Laws* are baniſh'd from her *lawleſs Land*:
Her *Prophets* gaze about; the frowning ſkies
Do repreſent no *viſion* to their eyes.

Her

Her mournful *Elders* on the ground repoſe, 10
And ſilently conſent unto their woes: (crown'd
They cloth'd themſelves with *ſackcloth*, and they
Their *heads* with *duſt*, they borrowed from the
No joys were pleaſing to the eys of them (ground:
That were the *Virgins* of *Jeruſalem*.
My bowels yern, my tear-diſtilling eyes 11
Are ſore with gazing on the *miſeries*
Of frail *Jeruſalem*: Alas the feet
Of her dear *ſucklings* ſtagger in the ſtreet!
And like the wounded in the *City* ſend 12
Their *ſighs* for *food*, unto their deareſt *friend*:
And whilſt they ſlumbred on their *mothers breſt*,
They pour'd their *ſouls* into *eternal reſt*.
What ſhall I witneſs for thee, Oh thou *gem*, 13
Thou pining *Daughter* of *Jeruſalem*?
To what ſhall I compare thee? What can be
Oh *Sions* Daughter, equal unto thee?
Let all the world recure thee, if they can:
For Ah, thy *breach* is like the *Ocean*!
Alas, thy purblind *Prophets* all have been 14
Hoodwink'd with *folly*, & *vain things* have ſeen:
But ne'er diſcover'd thine *iniquity*,
Which was the *cauſe* of thy *captivity*.
Their miſ-informed *ſenſes* were content
To ſee falſe *Reaſons* for thy *Baniſhment*.
All that paſt by, and ſaw thee thus decaying, 15
Clapt their *rude hands*, yea hiſt at thee, *thus ſaying*; 16
Is this the *City* that the *worldlings* call
Beauties perfection? This the *joy* of all?

Thy *foes* revile thee, and as they pass by
They gnash their teeth against thee; thus they o
This is the day we look'd for, now we know
She is destroy'd, we see her *overthrow*.
17 That which the *King* of *Heav'n* devised, now
He hath enacted and fulfill'd his *vow*:
He hath thrown down without remorse, O see,
Thy *adversaries* triumph over thee.
This hath th' *Almighty* done for them, at length
He made thē strong, yea & advanc'd their *strength*
18 They mov'd the *Lord* with their unceſſant cries;
O wall of Sions daughter, let thine eyes
Run down like rivers, give thy ſelf no ſleep;
Forget to *ſmile*, and practice how to *weep*.
19 *Ariſe, and in the ſilent night bemoan*
Thy grief; *O cry unto th' Almighty one*:
In the beginning of the watch implore
Thy growing ſorrows; *make a flood before*
Th' Eternals face: *O crave that he would pleaſe*
To ſend thy young, faint, hungry children eaſe.
20 Conſider *Lord* to whom thou'ſt done this great
This unrepented *ill*: Shall *women* eat (li
Their *ſpan-long Children*? Shall thy *ſlain Prieſts*
Tomb'd with thy *Prophet* in thy *Sanctu'ary*?
21 The *young* and *old* have ſhar'd in equal *harms*,
They lie and tumble in each others *arms*:
Upon the flinty ſtreets my *virgins* fall,
With my *young men*; the *ſword* diſſiv'd them all:
Thus in thine *anger* haſt thou ſtruck them dead,
Thus haſt thou kill'd, and never pittied.

As

As in a *solemn day* my *terrors* round
About thou'ſt called, ſo that none was found
In the *Lords day* of *anger* to remain:
Thoſe that I ſwadled and brought up, in vain
I brought them up; the *enemy* inſum'd
Envy'd this *off-ſpring*, and their *days* conſum'd.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

SEe, ſee, my Soul, *what* Heav'n *hath done! O ſee*
What 'tis t'offend a pow'rful Majeſtie!
Go, go, and quickly tell the ſons of men
What 'tis to rouze a Lion *from his* Den:
Bid them *keep* peace *and* quietneſs *in* Sion;
Bid them *turn* Lambs, *or* Heav'n *will turn a* Lion.
Bid them *take notice*, ſhe *that was the* ſtem
Of honor, *now is poor* Jeruſalem.
Alas! Alas! experience *made her know*
Griefs *abſtract*, *and the* quinteſcence *of* wo.
And ah my Soul! *Who knows the* courſe *of* ſorrow?
There 'tis to day, it may be here to morrow.
Then have a care, let thy Well tutor'd grief
Know rather how to purchaſe a relief,
Than plagues *and* torments; *Let thy ſober Will*
Be ſway'd by reaſon: *let thy* reaſon *ſtill*
Lead thee to meditation: *then begin*
To ſearch thy ſelf, and cypher up thy ſin.

Having

Having thus done, thou quickly wilt descry
Thy grief, and where th' imperious humors lie
And having found them out, let no delay
Damage thy Soul, but quickly haste away;
And from the bottom of thy heart confess
Thy greatest sins; so Heav'n may make them less
O kiss the Son; for if his anger be,
Tea but a little kindled; blest is he
Whose groping Soul his seal'd up mercies *found,*
And cast his anchor *in so firm a ground.*
Heav'n smiles on them whose oft-repeated pray'r
Expands their sins, & makes their God their care
But when revolting negligence *shall call*
Confounding ruine *from th' imperial hall*
Of Heav'ns high-seated Palace, and invite
A dreadful vengeance, to eclipse the light
Of a resplendent happiness; and double
The lab'ring Soul with interposing trouble:
Ah, then our pleasures *shall be turn'd to* toys,
And sudden grief *shall expiate our* joys!
And like Jerusalem, *confus'd shall we*
Wander and languish in obscuritie:
Then, then, our down-cast spirits shall lament,
And moan their just-deserved punishment:
Then shall our Peace *be drawn unto an end,*
Then shall we look for, but shall find no friend:
Then shall our sad Embassadors prepare,
And mount to Heav'n, but find no audience there:
Then shall our blubber'd eyes in vain let slide
Innumerable tears: then shall the Tide

Of Heav'ns high-flowing anger rage and roar,
And dash against our sin-polluted shore:
Then shall we run, and in our running meet
Th'obvious sword in the blood-streaming street:
Then shall our hasty trembling feet retire
To our sad houses; there shall Death require
Th'arrears of sorrow: Lingring Famine shall
Like to a lean-cheek'd fury grasp us all:
And from our strouting veins shal squeez a flood,
A luke-warm deluge of diffused blood.
Then shall our children with their midnight cries
Lament for food; Then shall their mothers eyes
Bedew their bosoms with the falling showres
Of dribling tears: Then shall their loathed hours
Haste to an end; And having thus expreſt
Their woes, shall creep into Eternal reſt.
Then shall the early melancholly Bells
Sound mournful peals for their sad laſt farewels.
Ah now my Soul! Can any griefs out-vie
Such griefs as theſe? Can any heart deny
The juſtneſs of theſe Judgments? If they do,
May they feel Sodoms and Gomorrahs too.
Heav'n cannot be unjuſt; No, no, 'tis we
Provoking ſinners are unjuſt, not he.
Shall we offend, and shall we every day
Hale down his judgments on our backs, then lay
The burthen of our faults on him, and cry,
Like Traytor Judas, Maſter is it I?
No, no, we muſt not; but let every one
Unboſom all his actions, and make known

His

His misdemeanors; *then if any can*
Plead himself guiltless, *he's a* happy man.
Find out but ten good men, *and for their sake*
Heav'n will deduct a thousand plagues, *and* shake
Ten thousand *more from his incensed* breast,
And for their sakes will give ten thousand rest.
Sodom *can witness* Heav'n *brookes no denyal*,
He *had sav'd* all, *had* ten *been found but loyal*.
Oh blind *and* foolish *is that* City, *when*
Ten thousand *doubled cannot number* ten.

CHAP. III.

Contents.

1 *The faithful bewail their calamities:* 22 *But the mercies of God they nourish their hope:* 37 *They acknowledg Gods justice.* 55 *They pray for deliverance,* 64 *and vengeance of their enemies.*

1 'TIS *I* have seen *affliction* by the *rod*,
Th'impetuous *anger* of the *wrathful God*.
2 He with a *pitchy darkness* mask'd my *sight*,
And hath not *cloth'd me* with the *robes of light*.
3 He turn'd his *hand* against me all the *day*,
4 He broke my *bones*, and made my *flesh* decay.

His *lab'ring fury* hath built up a *wall* 5
gainſt *me*, and ſurrounded *me* with *gall*.
n *dungeon places* he me ſet, like *thoſe* 6
Which in their *graves* have had a long *repoſe*.
nd *he* hath made my toilſom *chains* to be 7
eavy; *He hedg'd me from my libertie*.
nd when *I* ſhout and cry, he will not hear, 8
or makes *my pray'r* a *ſtranger* to his *ear*.
e hath incloſed me with *ſtones* that ſtay 9
y haſty *ſteps*, he hath incurv'd my *way*.
nd as a *lurking Bear*, obſerves my *paces*, 10
Or as a *Lion* in the ſecret *places*.
He turn'd *me* from my *ways*, diſturb'd my *ſtate*, 11
ull'd *me* in *pieces*, made *me deſolate*.
He bent his *Bow*, and made *my* trembling *heart* 12
The aim'd-at *object* of his *fatal dart*.
He caus'd his *quivered guests* t'inforce my *veins*, 13
And take a *large poſſeſſion* in my *reins*.
was my *peoples* laughing *ſtock*, their *ſong* 14
Was tuned to my *miſchief* all day long.
He fill'd me full of *bitterneſs* and *woe*, (too. 15
And made *me drunk* with nauſeous *Wormwood*
He brake my *teeth* with *gravel ſtones*, and *he* 16
With heaps of *aſhes* hath involved *me*.
Baniſh'd my *Soul* from *Peace*, *proſperity* 17
s quite relapſed from my *memory*.
I ſaid my *ſtrength*, my very *hope* is even 18
Waſted and periſh'd from the *Lord* of *Heav'n*.
Under my *woes* and my *afflictions* all, 19
Remember both the *honey* and the *gall*.

Theſe

20 These things do still in my *remembrance* rest,
And *ah*, my *Soul* is humbled in my *breast!*
21 This I recal to my *swift-roving mind*,
Therefore I hope, and hoping, hope to find.
22 It is the *mercy* of the *Lord* we sail
So safe; for his compassions never fail.
23 They're every morning new, thy *faithfulness*
Is great, and greater then I can express.
24 The *Lord*'s my portion, saith my *Soul*; and I
Will therefore hope unto *Eternity*.
25 And that *just Soul*, which dayly shall attend
Upon the *Lord*, shall never want a *friend*.
26 'Tis good that man should hope and wait upon
Th' *Almightie*s pleasure and *salvation*.
27 'Tis good for *man* to exercise the *truth*,
And bear the *yoke* of his offending *youth*:
28 He sits alone, and silently makes known,
He bears no other burthen than his *own*.
29 His humbled *mouth* salutes the dusty *ground*,
As if some hopes of *mercy* may be found.
30 He's fill'd with *shame*, he willingly invites
T' a second *stroke* the hand of him that *smites*.
31 For they that strive and really endeavor,
God will not leave, nor cast them off for ever.
32 He will have pity, though he sends a grief;
In multitudes of mercy lies relief.
33 He doth not punish, nor augment the *smart*
Of sinners *children* with a willing *heart*.
34 His *feet* take no delight to crush to *death*
Th'offending *pris'ners* of th'inferior *earth*.

To turn away *mans* right, (his heart abhors) 35
Before the face of their *superiors*.
And to subvert a *man* in his just cause,
The *Lord* approveth not, 'tis not his *Laws*. (say, 36
And who is he whose spend-thrift *tongue* dare 37
This thing shall come to pass, when *Heav'n* says
Out of the mouth of him that's *God* indeed (nay? 38
There doth not *evil*, but known *good* proceed.
Why doth a living *man* with grumbling thoughts 39
Complain as one that's punish'd for his faults?
Let's search, let's try our *ways*, let's turn again 40
To *God*, and he will turn away our *pain*.
And let our hands b'extended with our *souls* 41
To Heav'ns *Star-chamber*, where our God con-
We have rebelliously transgrest, and *thou*, (trouls. 42
Thou hast not pard'ned with a cheerful *brow*.
Thine *anger* hath o'reshadowed us, thou hast 43
Slain without pity, we thy *anger* taste. (let
Th'ast vail'd thy self with *clouds*, which will not 44
Our *pray'rs* pass thorough to discharge *our debt*.
And as th'off-scouring thou *O Lord* hast made us 45
Amongst those *faithless people* that betray'd us.
Our greedy *enemies* have op'ned wide 46
Their *mouths* against us, and our *pains* deride.
Fear, like a *snare*, incloses us about, 47
And *desolation* will not keep *without*.
Mine *eyes* run down like hasty *floods* of *water*, 48
For the destruction of my *peoples Daughter*.
Mine *eyes* are full, and *tears* do stream upon 49
My *cheeks* without an *intermission*:

Till

50 Till *Heav'n* look'd down on my *enriver'd face*
And view'd my weeping from his *holy place*.
51 Mine *eyes* affect my *pining heart* with *pity*,
Because of all the *Daughters* of my *City*.
52 And causeless (like a *frighted bird* that flies)
I still am chased by my *enemies*.
53 They have destroy'd me in the *dungeon*, nay
They cast a *stone* upon me where *I lay*.
54 Th'imperious *waves* mounted above my *head*,
And then I cry'd, *Alas*, *Alas*, I'm *dead*.
55 I call'd upon thy name (O Lord;) my voyce
Out of the *dungeon* made a dreadful *noise*.
56 Th'ast heard my *cries*, Oh let thy *ears* not lie
Hid from the breathing of my doleful *cry*.
57 And in that day when I on thee did call,
Thou cam'st, *and bid me never fear at all*.
58 And when my *soul* (O Lord) was fill'd with *strife*
Thou didst both *plead* my *cause*, and save my *life*.
59 And *thou* hast plainly seen my wrong'd estate;
Judg *thou* my *cause*, be *thou* my *advocate*.
60 For *thou* hast seen *their vengeance*, *thou* dost see
Their deep imaginations against *me*.
61 Thou their *reproach* hast heard, and apprehended
What against *me* their base *thoughts* intended.
62 *Thou* know'st the very *lips* of *them* that rose
Against *me*, and the *malice* of my *foes*.
63 Behold their *sitting* and their *rising*, I
Am all their *musick*, and their *melody*.
64 Render to *them* a recompence, O *God*,
And let them feel *thy handy-work*, *thy rod*.

O

Oh give *them* grief of *heart*; Oh let *them* burſt 65
With dregs of *ſorrow*, let *them* be accurſt.
And let *thy* angry perſecuting *hand* 66
Deſtroy, confound, and ſweep them from the land.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

COme, come, my Soul, *do not obnubilate*
Thy ſelf *with* ſmoaky pleaſures, *nor create*
More vain delights *to pleaſe thy* toyiſh mind:
Be ſerious now; let pleaſures be confin'd.
Th' Almighty's *angry, and his angry* Breath
Expreſſes nothing but reſolved Death.
His wrath *is kindled, and his* furious hand
Threatens a ruine *to a ſinful* Land.
His bow *is* bent; *behold he ſtands prepar'd,*
Tis he, 'tis he, *that will not be out-dar'd:*
And ſhould his roving meſſenger *impart*
A ſecret ſorrow *to thy private* heart;
What then? Can all the balſams *may be found*
Recure ſo great, *ſo* terrible *a* wound?
No, no: Oh then let thy *diſcerning* eye
Be truly Watchful; for diſcovery
Oft-times prevents a miſchief: *he's a* ſtranger
To Heav'ns high Court, *that thinks t'out-brave a*
Behold (my ſoul) thou art inviron'd round (danger
With troops of adverſaries; *heark, they ſound*

Their vilifying trumpets: hearke, they mock
And make thy sorrows but their laughing stock
Dost thou not hear them, how they shout and cry
As though they'd cleave th'unseparable sky?
Oh be not deaf: rouze up thy self, advance
Thy backward thoughts, sleep not in ignorance
Provoke not Heav'n too much: Oh do not still
Urge more and more his most unwilling will.
Observe but how unpleasantly his arm
Draws up his bow, as one that's loath to harm.
Me thinks I hear him say, Oh can ye tell!
Why will ye dye, ye house of Israel?
Me thinks I hear his never-ending breath
Breathe a disdain against a sinners death.
Me thinks I hear his grieved spirit say,
Ye that are weary, come, oh come away,
And lay your burthens on my back, and I
Will bear them all; I'le bear them willingly.
Why will ye dye? why will ye shut your eyes,
And thus run head-long after vanities?
Open your Adder ears, come and rejoyce
With me and mine; let my harmonious voyce
Invite you: Ah, what pleasures can accrew,
From shadows, to such substances as you?
Cast off the works of darkness; let true light
Expel those mists: Oh come when I invite.
What do ye mean? Oh, tell me, tell me why
Ye love to tumble in impurity?
Ah now my Soul! let admiration prove
That Heav'n's compos'd of nothing but of Love;

Oh

Oh love beyond expression! *My deserts*
(Rather then Mercy) *claim a thousand* darts.
Call home thy wandring thoughts, *& let* them *all*
(Like servants) be obedient to thy Call.
Examine them; the very best *will show,*
Thy best deserts *are but an* overthrow.
Review thy actions; *see if* they *can yeeld*
One grain of comfort: *see if* they *can shield*
Thy threatned state: *The more men strive to smo-*
Their sins, the more one sin begets another. *(ther*
Then fly, dull soul, *to Heav'ns high* Court, *& there*
Melt, melt, *into an* everlasting tear.
Attone thy God, *let not thy* tongue *deny*
The truth *to* him, *when* he *shall ask* thee, *why,*
Why hast thou *done this* wickedness! *Confess,*
'Tis thou *hast sin'd, 'tis* he *that must depress*
That head-increasing Hydra: *Then shalt* thou
Behold with what a voluntary brow
He'l entertain thee, *and those* joys *impart*
To thee, *which wait upon a* contrite heart.
He will have pity, *though* he *sends a* grief:
In multitudes of mercy lies relief.
The God of Love *did never take delight*
To mantle sinners *with the clouds of* night.
He's an indulgent Father, *and his* care
Is infinite, as all his mercies *are.* (run:
Compose thy numerous thoughts, my Soul, and
Oh tell that Father, thou wilt be his Son.

Chap. IV.

Contents.

1 *Sion bewaileth her pitiful estate:* 13 *She confesseth her sins.* 21 *Edom is threatned.* 22 *Sion is comforted.*

1 How is the *gold* grown dim! how is the fine,
The purest changed, that was wont to shine!
The *stones* that pav'd the *Sanctuary* are thrown
Into the *streets*, for *beasts* to trample on.
2 The sons of *Sion*, which I could compare
To finest *gold*, behold, see now they are
Esteem'd as *earthen pitchers*, which the hands
Of the industrious *Potter* still commands.
3 The ill-shap'd *monsters*, which the *Ocean* owns
As *proper guests*, nourish their little ones:
But ah, my *Daughters* are grown pitiless,
Like *Ostriches* within the wilderness.
4 The wordless tongues of thirsty *children* cleave
To their unliquid mouths; they never leave
Their integrating cries: *Poor hearts* in vain
They cry for *food*, but can no *food* obtain.
5 And they that fed upon delicious sweets,
Are desolate in the unquiet streets:

They

They that were brought up in a ſcarlet dreſs,
Embrace a *dunghil* as their happineſs.
For ah, my peoples *Daughter* ſuffers more 6
For her great ſins, then *Sodom* did before.
Her beautified *Nazarites* could ſhow 7
A purer white than *milk*, whiter then ſnow;
Their *bodies* than the rubies were more red,
With ſhining *Saphire* were they poliſhed.
But now their changed viſages excel 8
The *coal* in blackneſs; they that knew them well,
Now know them not: their fleſh adheres & ſticks
Unto their bones, they are like with'red ſticks.
Thoſe that are raviſht of their fading breath 9
By the *encountring ſword*, enjoy a death
Tranſcending theirs, whoſe lingring ſouls are pinde
For want of *food*: *Ah famine's never kinde!*
The woful *Women* boyl their young, they have 10
Turn'd their own fruitful *bellies* to a *grave*.
The Lord hath now accompliſhed his *ire*, 11
Pour'd out his ſtreaming *anger*, caus'd a fire
To flame in *Sion*, which devour'd and layd (made.
Thoſe buildings waſte, which their own hands had
The wiſeſt *Kings*, nor the worlds copious nations 12
Did ever think to ſee theſe great invaſions
Of th'unbridled *foe*, whoſe head-long courſes
Divides her gates with their divided forces.
The *Prieſts* & *Prophets* crimeleſs blood have ſhed; 13
Their ſins drew down this miſchief on their head.
Like thoſe they wander, whoſe benighted eyes 14
Attract no light from the all-lightning ſkies:

They have themſelves polluted, ſo that none
Can touch their clothes; *they are with blood o're*
15 The *people* cried, depart, what do ye mean? (*flown*
Depart, depart, touch not, it is unclean:
The *Heathen*, as they fled together, cry'd,
With us they ſhall not *ſojourn*, nor abide.
16 *Gods* anger hath divided them; he never
Will love them more, but caſt *them* off for ever:
They diſreſpected *Prieſts*, and they forgot
The *graveſt Elders*, whom they pitied not.
17 But as for *us*, our help-beguiled eyes
Fail'd us as yet, no comfort would ariſe
To us; we watch'd for *Nations*, but their pow'r
Could not protect us from ſo great a ſhowre.
18 They hunt our ſteps, our oft-extended feet
Cannot divide their paces in the ſtreet:
Our end is neer, and our days total ſum
Is now fulfill'd, for now our *end* is come.
19 Our *perſecuters*, our tormentors are
Swifter then *Eagles* that enforce the ayr:
Upon the mountains they purſu'd us; *They*,
To trap our feet, in *ambuſhcado* lay.
20 Thoſe *pits*, which they for ruine have appointed,
Inclos'd our *ſouls delight*, *the Lords anointed*;
Under whoſe *ſhadow* we ſhall live, we ſaid,
Amongſt the *Heathens*; thus are we diſmay'd.
21 Oh *Edoms daughter*! now ſtretch out thy voyce,
Be glad; and for a time in *Uz* rejoyce:
This cup ſhall paſs along to *thee*, thou ſhalt
Be *drunk* and *naked*, 'cauſe thou didſt revolt.

Thy

Thy plagues expire, Oh *Sions daughter!* he
no more will lead thee to *captivitie:*
But *Edom*, oh lament, lift up thine eyes,
For Heav'n will visit thy iniquities.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

DIstracted Sion, *having spent her days*
In supine negligence, *stands in a maze,*
Not knowing what to do: her wonted joys
Seeld torment, not contentment, seeming toys,
And childish trifles, *which perplex her more,*
Then thousand pleasures pleasur'd her before.
And now her alienated mind begins
To rumiuate upon her former sins:
Her studious thoughts recount what pretious time
She spent in folly; *weighing every crime*
In equal balance, *poising them aright,*
Finds them too heavy, and her self too light.
And like a frighted bird, *her winged mind*
Flies up and down, thinking some rest to find
In sorrows *wilderness: But ah, who can*
Find a loft jewel in the Ocean!
Now we may see how her embraced folly
Is quite dissolved into melancholly.
And those lascivious hours, which she hath spent,
Seems like grim Marshals *giving punishment*

To an offending wretch: As in a dream,
The fancy makes each object seem extream;
And why? because the judgment which should
Th'unruly fancy, sleeping's layd aside:
The senses once lock'd up, the fancy may
Not only claim a priviledg to play,
But to delude, and represent those things
To meanest Subjects, which belong to Kings;
Which makes the flatter'd Sences even dance,
And leap for joy, and striving to advance
Themselves, awake; and finding all's but vain,
Reason steps in, and makes them poor again.
Even thus was poor Jerus'lem lull'd asleep
With fancy-pleasing pleasure, which did keep
A rendezvouz within her, lest that doubt
Should interpose, and put the fancy out
Of frame; And by a more divíner art
Should breed a Meditation in her heart.
For when the wak'ned Sences once have gain'd
The upper hand, the fancy is restrain'd,
And curb'd by judgment; Reason too survives
Again, and claims her own Prerogatives:
The apprehension with her new-got pow'r
Begins to taste and apprehend how sowre
Her sweets are grown: Ah then she cries! I see
I'm turn'd to nothing, being turn'd from thee,
My great Redeemer, I have quite exil'd
Thy mercies from my bosom, and revil'd
Thy just Commands, presuming oftentimes
To urge, With my reiterated crimes,

Thy

Thy long continued patience ; *and expreſt*
No grief at all from my obdurate breſt.
My eyes were ſtill laborious to diſcover
New vanities ; and like a heedleſs lover,
Whoſe beauty-dazel'd eyes do only view
The Superficies, ſeeking not how true
The heart remaineth, but can fondly be
Content with beauties bare Epitomie.
And thus my raſh advent'ring Soul went on,
(Pleaſures admit no intermiſſion
To them, whoſe hearts are envious to obtain
A preſent pleaſure, but a future pain :)
And ah, *how quickly's yeelding fleſh and blood*
Surpriz'd and conquer'd by a ſeeming good :
A Good *that's* good *for nothing but t'invite*
Fond ſouls *to ruine, and o're-vail the light*
Of real truth : *and with enforc'd deluſions*
Makes them take pleaſure in their own confuſions.
Since then, my Soul, no pleaſures can be found
In this baſe Center ; *let thy thoughts rebound*
From this faſtideous Orb; *learn to advance*
Thy ſelf above the frowns, the reach of chance :
And let th'extent of thy ambition be
Only to purchaſe an Eternitie
Of happineſs, which ſhall perpetuate,
And make thee glorious in a glorious ſtate.
Divorce thy ſelf from thy unſum'd-up faults,
Protract no time, but clarifie thy thoughts.
Command thy ſelf, and thou ſhalt be reputed
A moſt deſerving Victor : *not confuted*

By any, though their noble acts may claim
A true inheritance to a lasting Fame.
For he that gives himself an overthrow,
Conquers a Kingdom, and subdues a foe.
Then arm thy self, my Soul, *and strive t'out-dare*
Satans *attempts; be studious to prepare*
Thy self, and let thy adversary *see*
When he is strongest, th'art as strong as he.
Let not his vain delusions interpose
'Twixt thee, and Heav'n: *Oh do not thou expose*
Thy self to wilful danger, but endeavor
T'accost his actions; *but beleeve him never.*
Thou seest how poor Jerusalem *bewails*
Her sad disasters; how she stoops, and fails
Beneath the burthen of her grief, *and cries,*
Oh boundless grief! Oh vainest vanities!
Oh dream thou not of transitory things,
Which are unconstant, having secret wings
To fly away; and flying will confound
Thy better parts, and give thy Soul *a* wound.
Be wary then, and let thy thoughts concur
With Heav'ns commands, and so will he transfer
His Kingdom to thee, full of lasting treasure,
Where nothing's greater then the smallest plea-
(sure.

CHAP.

Chap. V.

REmember, *Lord*, what's come upon us; see, 1
Ponder the greatneſs of our *infamie*.
Strangers inherit that which is our due, 2
Our *habitation*'s turn'd to *aliens* too.
For we are *Orphanes*, and all fatherleſs, 3
Our *Mothers* are as *Widows* in diſtreſs.
We buy our *water*, (O unhappy fate!) 4
And purchaſe *fewel* at too dear a rate.
Our *necks* are perſecuted and unbleſt, 5
And ſtill we labor, but obtain no reſt.
Unto the *Egyptians* we our hand have ſpread, 6
Deſiring to be ſatisfied with *bread*.
Our buried *fathers* ſin'd in former times, 7
And we have born the burthen of their *crimes*.
Servants have rul'd us, and there's none that will 8
Deliver us, but let them rule us ſtill.
With peril of our *lives*, we have obtain'd 9
Our bread, becauſe the *ſword* was unreſtrain'd.
Our skins are black, like to an *oven*, and dry, 10
Becauſe the *Famine* caus'd a *Tyranny*.
Sion and *Judahs daughters* have been led 11
Away, and violently *raviſhed*.
Princes are hang'd up by the hands; the faces 12
Of *Elders* have no honor, but diſgraces.

They

13 They made the *young men* grinde; the children
Fainted beneath the burthen of their *wood*. (blood
14 The *Elders* at their gates did not abide,
The *young mens* musick too is layd aside.
15 The joy is ceas'd which was our hearts relief,
Our *active dancing*'s turn'd to *passive grief*.
16 The *crown* is fallen from our *heads*; and wo,
Wo be to us that have offended so.
17 Our hearts are faint, and our suffused eyes
Are dim, because of these calamities.
18 Because that *Sions* mountain's desolate,
The *foxes* walk thereon to recreate
19 Themselves: But thou O *Lord* shalt sit on high,
Upon thy throne, unto *Eternity*.
20 Wherefore dost thou forsake *us*, and demure
Thy self so long from *us*, that seem secure?
21 Turn thou, and we are turn'd; Lord we implore,
Renew our days, as thou hast done before.
22 But thou hast quite rejected us, and *thou*
Beholdst thy servants with an angry brow.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

COmplaining, *what is that? will that relieve*
Impris'ned souls, *or teach the how to grieve?*
Tell me, sad Soul, *can greater* wants *converse*
With flesh *and* blood? *nay, what more lasting* curse
Can be entail'd on man, *then to complain*
To such an ear *as will not once retain*

The

The leaſt expreſſion of a grief, *but cry,*
Let wo attend him to Eternity?
Oh diſmal ſentence! and if this be all,
'Twould grieve a man, that e're he griev'd at all,
To be thus harſhly anſwer'd, and excluded
From hopes of mercy; *Be not thus deluded*
Deſpairing Soul.

Jeruſalem, *'tis true, ſhe did complain;*
And was that all? Oh no, her tongue *did chain*
A prayer *to her* petition, *and her* eyes
Were dayly trickling for her miſeries.
Where is that man, *that if he chance to be*
Deprived of his goods *by* robberie,
Will ſit complaining by himſelf, and try
No lawful means for a recovery
Of what he loſt? ſhould we not deem him mad,
To loſe that good, *which might be eaſily had,*
If ſought? This proverb *calls it to my mind,*
He that will ſpare to ſeek, muſt ſpare to find.
Even ſo, if Satan, *whoſe depriving pow'r*
Shall take a watch'd advantage, and devour
The Manna *of our* Souls, *ſhall we then ſay,*
Tis gone, 'Tis gone, Satan *has ſtoln't away?*
And ah, can theſe, theſe naked words *recal*
A loſt eſtate? *Oh no, 'twill but inthral*
Our happineſs *the more; and make our* grief
The more extream, admitting no relief.
My Soul, *if* Satan *e're ſhall make attempt*
Upon thy weakneſs, *lab'ring to exempt*

And

And win thee from thy self; go and make known
Thy cause *to* Heav'ns Judg-Advocate: *bemoan*
Thy self with tears; *complain, confess, and pray*
God loves confession, *but abhors* delay.
Run, run unto him, *that thou mayst prevent*
The wrath *and* censure *of his* Parliament.
Go, go, for there thou shalt be sure to find
Abundance link'd together in one mind.
There is no faction, *no* divisions *there,*
But all are setl'd in one hemisphære
Of true opinion: There is none t'expect
A bribe; *or else without a* bribe *neglect*
To agitate thy business, *or exact*
Upon thy guiltless conscience, *or enact*
Their several humors: *There is none to bring*
Thy Soul *in danger, 'cause th'ast lov'd thy* King.
Thy heav'nly King, *by whom thou shalt possess*
A true and no excised happiness.
Oh endless joy! *a* joy *that far transcends*
The deepest thoughts; *a* joy *that never ends.*
Be ravish'd, Oh my Soul! *and meditate*
Upon Jerusalem: *Let her sad state*
Be as a caveat *to thee; let her* fall
Teach thee to stand: let her detested gall
Prove honey *to thee; so mayst thou derive*
Thy welfare *from her* sorrows, *and survive*
In everlasting bliss: Peace *beyond measure*
Shall crown thee with vicissitude of pleasure.
Play well thy game, and so will Heav'n extend
His liberal grace, and bless thee in the End.

DIVINE

DIVINE MEDITATIONS.

MEditation we may fitly call
The *Souls arithmetitian*, summing all
Our *sins* together; Nay, and every day
Cyphers them up, and teaches us to pray:
Then let us meditate, and strive to do
What our *Arithmetitian* leads us too.

He that will true examples *learn to give,*
First let him learn to dye, *and then to* live:
Prefer the surest first; *for* you *and* I
Uncertain are to live, *but sure to* dye.

MEDITAT. I.

Elion is fallen upon *Ossa's* back,
The more I cry for *help*, the more I lack.
There's

There's none will look upon *me*, how I lie
In the *Charibdis* of perplexity.
Escaping *Scilla*, Oh I thought I'd been
Past danger, but Charibdis *was not seen.*

Meditat. 2.

I'm now benighted, and obscur'd from light,
My *day* of pleasure's turn'd into a night
Of *clouded sorrow*; Grief comes sailing on,
Steer'd by the hand of my *rebellion.*
Heav'n stop *his* passage, may he never rest
Within the harbor of my tender brest.

Meditat. 3.

What have *I* done? or what have *I* deserv'd,
That I am thus imprison'd, and reserv'd
For *death* and *sad destruction?* Nay, but why,
Why do I ask, what *I have done?* To dye,
To dye, 'tis too too little, could a worse,
A worse succeed, I have deserv'd the Curse.

Meditat. 4.

I have displeased *Heav'n*, where shall I fly
To hide my self from his offended *eye?*
If *rocks*, or *caves*, could hide me from my *sin*,
There, there I'd go, and hide my self within

The

The bowels of the *earth*, till Heav'n should say,
The night of sin is gone, and now 'tis day.

MEDITAT. 5.

What if I storm'd *heav'ns Paradise* with prayers,
And so besieg'd it with an *host* of tears?
What if I undermin'd, and layd a train
To blow it up with sighes? 'Twere but in vain:
To *storm*, *besiege*, all is but labor spent,
Except I could, as *David* did, *Repent*.

MEDITAT. 6.

Repent: Oh what a sound that word imports!
Oh how it penetraes! How many sorts
Of *Ecchoes* answer it; Repent of all:
He that leaves one, repents of none at all:
He that will learn how to repent, and *when*;
First let him strive to be a David, *then*:

MEDITAT. 7.

And art thou still disquieted, my *Soul*?
Trust thou in *God*; in God, that doth controul
Both *heav'n* and *earth*: 'tis he that must and shall
Be *fear'd* and *honor'd*, yea and lov'd withall.
Tis *he* can send *Job's* torments, and his woe;
'Tis we must pray to have his patience too.

Meditat. 8.

Pain would I come before my *angry God*,
But that my *sinful years*, still fear the Rod
Of his *Correction*, yet appear I must;
Sure, *sure* he's *merciful*, as well as *just*:
Cheer up *dejected Soul*, and thou shalt see
His mercy's greater, then thy sins can be.

Meditat. 9.

Can *Heav'n* forget himself, or can *he* say
That thing o're *night*, he cannot do next *day*:
Can *friends* forget their *children*, or deny
Their *dearest blood*? or can a *mountain* fly?
Heav'n says, hee'l be a *Father* till the end:
Then he's a fool that doubts so true a friend.

Meditat. 10.

A *friend indeed*, but how can *I* expect
To purchase *friendship*, by my own *neglect*?
For ah, how often hath *Heav'n* pleas'd to say,
Ye that are heavy loaden, come away,
And I will give you ease: Alas but I
Thought sin no burthen, neither thought to ly.

MEDITAT. 11.

But now *I* see the frailty of my *mind*;
I thought I was imprison'd, when confin'd,
Only one hour to goodness; nay that hour
I thought a year, until I had the power
To free my self; when free'd, I had forgot
What goodness was, as though I'd heard it not.

MEDITAT. 12.

And should *I* strive to reckon up my *sins*,
How can he make an *end*, that still *begins*?
The sands upon the *Seas*, nay and then hair
Upon my *head*, are *Cyphers* in compare
Of my *excessive sins*, yet *Heav'n* can call
Me, as he did the spend-thrift Prodigal.

MEDITAT. 13.

I know my *sins* are great, and do increase
Within my *Sion*, and disturb my *Peace*:
Oh what am I *(dear Heav'n)* I am thy *creature*,
My *sins* are great, but yet thy *mercy's* greater.
Pardon (*blest Heav'n*,) forgive what I have done;
Thou art my Father, own me as thy Son.

Meditat. 14.

It is a happineſs to ſcorn the *mirth*
Of this confuſed tranſitory *earth*:
And *he* who is ambitious to create
A happineſs, muſt make the *World* his *hate*:
Then if ſelf-love appear, we know for what;
We love our ſelves, in truly hating that.

Meditat. 15.

Life is the *lifes* preparative, and *Death*
The deprivation of unconſtant *breath*.
A well directed *life* ſhall always find
Society in *Death*; a glorious mind
Shall have a glorious, a celeſtial friend
To guard its glory to a glorious end.

Meditat. 16.

But can a mind, enammell'd with the *glory*
Of Heav'n, have *end*; or elſe is *Death a ſtory*?
Death is the end of *Life*, and yet we ſee
Life is derived from *Deaths* ſoveraigntie.
'Tis quickly known, the *Death* of *Sin* muſt give
The para'ned Soul a privileg to live.

Me-

MEDITAT. 17.

Heav'n is the *ſeat* of happineſs, and *Hell*
The place of *fury*, where the *Furies* dwell.
Then mount my *Soul* upon the ſpreading wings
Of lofty *Faith*; fly towards the *King* of *Kings*:
Whileſt here thou ſhalt inhabit, learn to know,
That Heav'ns too high for them that fly too low.

MEDITAT. 18.

I am but ſordid *earth*, that's dayly plough'd
With *grief* and *care*; and ſorrows hourly croud
Into my weak *dominions*, and remain
Like greedy *Tenants*, thirſting after gain.
My eyes are always open to behold
New woes, for I am form'd in ſorrows mould.

MEDITAT. 19.

I am a reeling *Pinnace*, and I ſail
From *Port* to *Port*; ſometimes a humble gale
Salutes my *ſpreading ſails*, and by and by
The *waves*, contemning my proſperity,
Spit in my *face*, being hurried by their *tydes*,
They ſeem to crawl into my ſiventing ſides.

Meditat. 20.

I am a clouded *day*, I promise rain;
Sometimes I'm stormy, and then clear again;
Sometimes the *Sun of Peace* begins t'appear,
But cannot shine in sorrows *Hemisphere*:
Saddest of thoughts; needs must he be distrest
That finds inconstant weather in his brest.

Meditat. 21.

I am a *vapor*, having not the power
T'endure the fervour of one shining *hour*:
Vapors cannot withstand a *mid-days heat*;
Afflictions must be hot, where *sins* are great:
'Tis not unlike, a misty morning may
Oft times prove usher to a glorious day.

Meditat. 22.

I am a *trembling reed*, and every day
The *wind* and *I*, are subject to a fray:
I'm bruis'd, and shall be broken, if some hand
Sustain me not. I shall forget to stand:
But stay my *Soul*, and here Jehova speak,
I vow, the bruised reed I will not break.

Me-

Meditat. 23.

I am but *earth*, corrupted with my deeds,
Which are but like unprofitable weeds;
My *soil* is ranck, and barren, and it bears
No *grain* at all, no, not so much as *tears*: (how
Would'st thou increase (my Soul,) Ile teach thee
Sow but the seeds of Faith, God speeds the plow.

Meditat. 24.

Despair not, when *affliction* ploughs the ground,
Doubt not *encreases*, if the seed be sound:
Heav'n loves a *fruitful harvest*, and his hand
Is always *active* to manure the *Land*;
He takes the chefest care, the greatest pains,
He crowns the work, 'tis we that reap the gains.

Meditat. 25.

Man's like a *house*, whose outward beauty may
Yield pleasure to the eye; If we survay
The inward *rooms*, there we may find enough
Of untrim'd *natures* sluttish *houshold-stuff*.
Would'st thou be fair within (O man,) and neat,
Turn but thy inside out, thou'lt be compleat.

Meditat. 26.

Do greedy *Ravens* hunger? do they cry
For *food?* and are they *fed?* And must not *I?*
I *beg*, I *crave*, and yet am hungry ſtill;
I *pine*, I *ſtarve*, and *Ravens* have their fill.
I know *(great God)* I have offended *thee*,
Becauſe thou feed'ſt the Ravens, and not me.

Meditat. 27.

Do *Lillies* flouriſh? do they ſtill remain
Neatly adorn'd? And yet they take no pain;
They neither *ſpin* nor *card*, they take no care,
And yet they're cloth'd, and *I*, poor *I*, go bare.
I know (great God) I have offended thee,
Becauſe thou cloth'ſt the Lillies, and not me.

Meditat. 28.

Why am *I* thus tormented with the *rod*
Of my *afflictions?* Hath my angry *God*
Forgot his *creature?* Shall I never have
A little eaſe, but be *afflictions ſlave?*
Forbear, my *grumbling Soul*, cheer up, and be
Mindful of him, and he'l remember thee.

Me-

MEDITAT. 29.

And why does *Heav'n* afflict me, but becauſe
He'l make me know *my ſelf*, and learn his *Laws*.
Then why am I diſquieted? If *he*
Intends my *good*, ſhall I prove *enemie*
Unto *my ſelf*? My Soul, take *care*, be ſtill,
Unleſs he turns that good into an ill.

MEDITAT. 30.

Then learn, *my ſoul*, when Heav'n afflicts, to know
'Tis for thy *ſins* he does it, and to ſhow
The greatneſs of his *mercy*; and to make
Thee love *affliction* for the *Afflictors* ſake.
Be *wiſe* and *provident*, and thou ſhalt ſee,
'Twas good for David, *'twill be good for thee.*

MEDITAT. 31.

If thou wilt learn, *my Soul*, how to endure,
With patience, thy *afflictions*, be thou ſure,
That when the hand of angry Heav'n ſhall ſmite,
Thou doſt not grumble like the *Iſraelite*.
Give thou for patience, heav'n will teach thee how
To bear affliction with a cheerful brow.

Meditat. 32.

What though the *waves* of thy *afflictions* rise,
And rage abundantly; lift up thy *eyes*,
And cry to *Heav'n*, let patience calm thy mind,
And know that purest *gold* must be refin'd,
And when *affliction* brings thee to the brink
Of death, remember Peter did not sink.

Meditat. 33.

When I consider, how I have offended
My Souls dread *Soveraign*, and *vili-pended*
His gracious promises, I much admire
He casts me not into eternal fire:
But he in *mercy* makes me kiss his Rod,
Tells me, I am a Creature, he a God.

Meditat. 34.

Consider well, *my Soul*, why hast thou breath,
Since that the wages of thy *Sins* are *death?*
Thou hast deserv'd ten thousand times to dye,
But that thy *GOD*, whose mercy doth deny
A *Sinners death*, reprieves thee for a time,
To make thee know the greatness of thy crime.

Meditat. 35.

Oh meditate my *Soul*, what Heav'n hath done
For thee, that art his moſt *rebellious Son*;
He hath prolong'd thy days, and ſtriv'd to win
And draw thee from the loathſomneſs of *ſin:*
Admired patience! Oh indulgent care!
Mercy of mercies! how can Heav'n forbear!

Meditat. 36.

Have *I* offended? and ſhall *I* deſpair?
Oh no *I* dare not: Ah my *Soul*, forbear
To harbor ſuch a wickedneſs; but know,
When thy *ſins* ebb, Gods *mercies* overflow:
His mercy is an *Ocean*, and thy prayer
Is th'only wind can raiſe a tempeſt there.

Meditat. 37.

Then pray thy *Soul*, and let thy *prayers* reveal
Thy boſom *ſins*; Oh think not to conceal
A crime from him, that is the *God of truth*,
And knows the *ſins* of thy offending *youth*: (ther
Ah know my *Soul*, the more thou ſtriv'ſt to ſmo-
Thy ſins, the more one ſin begets another.

Me-

Meditat. 38.

Can *Sin*, the Souls consuming *Viper*, lie,
And *lurk* secure, from *Heav'ns* all-seeing *eye*?
Oh no, 'tis vain to think so; though that we
Are muffl'd up with *Sin*, yet Heav'n can see.
Oh then confess *my Soul*, and thou shalt tread,
And trample on the Vipers poys'ny head.

Meditat. 39.

But can *Confession* in it self obtain
An absolute *forgiveness*? Can we gain
Heav'n by a *sigh*? Oh no, my *Soul* express
A perfect *sorrow*, when thou dost *confess*,
Then let resolved *Constancy* endure,
And thou, my Soul, shalt truly rest secure.

Meditat. 40.

Dost thou, my *Soul*, desire to be partaker
Of those celestial joys wherewith thy *Maker*
Crowns those *endeavoring souls*, which study
To be obedient to his sacred will?
Examine well the *Scriptures*, they will show
The ready way; then practise how to go.

Me-

MEDITAT. 41.

Let thy innocuous Meditations be
serious and *fervent:* let *integritie*
Will wait upon them, which will ſtill defend
And guard thy actions to a proſperous end.
Then ſhall thy labors have a peaceful reſt;
Then dayly labor to be dayly bleſt.

MEDITAT. 42.

Let have a care (my Soul) leſt *malice* chance
To interpoſe it ſelf, and to advance
Above thy patience, and diſturb that *peace*
Which might have bleſt thee with a large increaſe.
Oh have a care this be no fault of thine!
Remember who hath ſaid, vengeance is mine.

MEDITAT. 43.

Doſt thou deſire, my Soul, that Heav'n ſhould ſay
Thy pardon's ſeal'd, and I will blot away
All numerous ſins; nay, and I will no more
Remember them, as I have done before? (live,
Then learn, my Soul, to know, whileſt thou doſt
He that will be forgiven, muſt forgive.

Meditat. 44.

If thou wouldst go to *Heav'n*, my Soul, go on,
(Not as the *sluggard* of wise *Solomon*,)
Be not so timerous *as he*, to say,
There is a *Lyon* lurking in the way:
Go on with *courage*, let the way delight thee,
Then shall the Lyon grumble, and not bite thee.

Meditat. 45.

The *wise man* saith, that *sluggards* shall be clothed
With rags, and all his *actions* shall be loath'd;
And he thats willing to obtain a *prize*,
Must be laborious, and have *watchful eyes*; (since
(My drowzy Soul) make Heav'n thy prize, thou
T'outrun thy sins, and so thou shalt obtain.

Meditat. 46.

When on the ladder *Jacob* did discry
The *Angels* in his dream, he saw them fly
Upwards, and *downwards*, which was to expr
How much they scorn'd, and hated *idleness*:
Then learn my *Soul*, how to ascend apace
From sin, to the perfection of grace.

MEDITAT. 47.

What was the reason *Peter* wept? Nay why
Did he go out and weep so bitterly?
Could he not weep within? Did he not dare
Before the wicked, to disburse a tear?
By this example, *Peter* makes it known
Who truly grieves, desires to grieve alone.

MEDITAT. 48.

Hast thou my Soul, with persecuting *Paul*,
Envy'd the *Church*? Hast thou conspir'd her *fall*?
Why, then my *Soul*, wilt thou despair? 'Tis true,
The *crime* is great, and *GOD* is gracious too.
A *light* may shine from *Heav'n*, and thou shalt be
With Paul, converted from thy Tyrannie.

MEDITAT. 49.

Hast thou with thrice-denying *Peter*, cry'd,
I know him not, but stubbornly deny'd
The *Lord of Life*? what then? the *Cock* may crow,
God may look back upon *thee*, and bestow
His liberal blessings: Then my Soul deny
Thy sins, with Peter, and weep bitterly.

MEDITAT. 50.

But was it not, *my Soul*, a ſad diſaſter,
That *Peter* ſhould ſo ſoon deny his *Maſter*;
For whoſe dear ſake he'd loſe his life? Oh what
A ſudden change is this! I know *him* not.
Nay more, as if he thought this would not do,
He binds it with an oath, forſwears him too.

MEDITAT. 51.

What was the reaſon that the *Lions*, when
They entertained *Daniel* in their *Den*,
Did rather *fear*, then hunger? Nay how can
Deſtroying *Lions* fawn upon a *man*?
My Soul, there was a *Lamb* that tam'd the *Lion*,
And made the Den prove Daniels *ſafeſt Sion.*

MEDITAT. 52.

Adviſe *my Soul*, and how could *Daniel* live,
Impriſoned in the *Den*, and none to give
Him dayly *food*? How could he reſt at quiet,
Without the enjoyment of ſome *ſlender diet*?
When Heav'n commands his Angels, they ſhal feed
A Soul; (my Soul) that Soul can never need.

Me-

MEDITAT. 53.

Twas *Faith* that guarded *Daniel* from the paws
Of dauntleſs *Lions*, whoſe imperious jaws
Were ty'd by *Heav'ns* appointment, ſo that they
Forgot their *Tyranny*, and learn'd to play.
(My Soul) with *Daniel*, truly think upon
Thy God, and Faith ſhall be thy Champion.

MEDITAT. 54.

Did great *Goliah* fall? Could he not ſtand,
That was ſo ſtrong, againſt ſo weak a hand?
Could not his *armor*, nor his *ſtorming power*
Maintain ſo mean a *Combate* half an hour?
Here, here (my Soul) obſerve, and thou ſhalt find
An armed body, but a naked mind.

MEDITAT. 55.

But how did ſtripling *David* dare to ſhow
His *childiſh* face before ſo great a *foe?*
He had no *armor* on, nor *ſword* to ſhield
His *body*, yet he *fought*, and won the *field.*
Here, here (my Soul) obſerve, and thou ſhalt find
A naked body, but an armed mind.

Meditat. 56.

Be ſure (my Soul) when e're thou ſhalt begin
To *war* with the *Goliah* of thy *ſin*,
Take *Davids armor*, and thou ſhalt o'rethrow
Thy *ſin* with a moſt *advantageous blow*.
Boaſt not too much, but with bold courage fight;
The pebble-ſtones of Faith fly always right.

Meditat. 57.

Faith is the arm of *ſafety*, which defends
The *Soul* from all *approaching harm*, and lends
A *ſword* to fight with *Satan*, who may venture
To make a thruſt or two, but cannot enter.
Gain thou this arm of Faith (my Soul) and then
Thou mayſt out-dare a Lion in his Den.

Meditat. 58.

Learn how to prize thy Faith (my Soul) and know
She is thy only ſafety here below:
She is a truſty buckler to protect thee
From ſhowres of evil, and to good direct thee.
Then rouze my Soul, and be not quite caſt down,
Repentance brings in Faith, and Faith a Crown.

Me-

MEDITAT. 59.

A Crown, that's only fitting to adorn
A Princes brow; and subjects that are born
To an inferior fortune, must content
Themselves with that, which fortune freely lent.
But ah my Soul! be wise and understand,
A heavenly Crown's not made by humane hand.

MEDITAT. 60.

A glorious *Crown* of glory shall attend
Attentive hearts; *my Soul*, I recommend
This *Crown* to thee: consider but the price
It cost, and then remember *Paradise*.
Remember whose dear blood did trickle down,
Like tedious showres, to purchase thee this Crown.

MEDITAT. 61.

O boundless *Love!* would such a *Lamb* as he
Dye for such wolf-like *sycophants* as we?
His *willing Soul* did even joy t'express
This introduction to our happiness.
His blood gush'd out to wash us clean within:
He shed it for our sins, and yet we sin.

MEDITAT. 62.

Rouze thee my *Soul*, and let thy *Eagle-eyes*
Behold that *Sun* in whom thy *safety* lies:
Look well upon *him*, and thou shalt discover
A *Lamb-like Patience*, and a *constant Lover*.
Admire with how much Dove-like innocence
He suffer'd death for us that gave th'offence.

MEDITAT. 63.

Art thou not ravish'd yet, my *Soul*; then hear,
And I will recommend unto thy ear
The willing *passion* of that *Lamb*, which cry'd
Eloi, Eloi, Eloi, and so dy'd.
And by the virtue of his dying deed,
Our blood was stop'd, when he began to bleed.

MEDITAT. 64.

Man, the unhappy off-spring of that *man*
Of *Sin*, at whose beginning we began
To fall from our first principles, and stray
From *good* to *bad*, digressing from the way
Of our assur'd *Salvation*, and exchange
A *World of pleasure* for a *World of pains*;
And by that Heav'n-forbidden *taste* reverst
The stroke of *mercy*, made us all accurst,

And

And hourly subject to his *wrath*, whose *power*
Created us, and made us little lower
Then Heav'n-bred *Angels*; till the sad *inventions*
Of *Satans* malice quickned the *intentions*
Of greedy *Eve*, whose hand soon recommended
That *fruit*, which by the *Serpent* was extended,
To her beguiled *husband*, whose neglect
Of Heav'ns Commands purchas'd a dull aspect
From his revengeful *brow*, which shin'd more
Then glorious *Cynthia* in her greatest light. (bright
But ah, the cloud of *Adams* sin had made
A great eclipse: Poor *Adam* is betray'd
By his own *folly*, and condemn'd to crawl
Upon his *belly*, and gulp up the *gall*
Of his *transgressions*; Having thus offended,
He's thrown from *Paradise*, and *vili-pended*
By Heav'n: But all this while the *Serpent* sits
Ravish'd with laughter, tut'ring still his wits
To further *mischief*; having found success
In his first *enterprize*, doubts nothing less
Then what he hopes for, having thus o'rethrown
The first man *Adam*, thinks that all's his own;
But that our *God*, whose all-commanding power
Can mortifie, and quicken in one hour,
Was fill'd with *pity*, pitied *man*, whose state
He saw was miserably desperate;
Begun to view him with a gracious *eye*,
And invocates his sacred *Trinity*;
And thus proceeds ——

Have *I* made *man*? have *I*
Made wretched *man*, man made to glorifie
My *name*, and given to his thriftleſs hand
Preheminency both by Sea and Land?
And ſhall I not be honor'd? Am I not
A mindful *God*? And ſhall I be forgot
By ſlothful *man*? have I not gave him *light*
In ſpite of *darkneſs*, and ſhall he requite
My favors thus? Nay more, have I not fram'd
And ſtamp'd him with my *Image*, and proclaim'd
A laſting greatneſs to him? And ſhall *they*
Be thus obdurate now, that were but *clay*
Before I gave them *breath*? and ſhall that *breath*
Contemn, defie, and ſcorn me to the *death*?
Is this the *honor* which I did expect
From them? Is this the *duty*? this th'*effect*
Of all my *labors*? Speak my deareſt *Son*,
What ſhall we do with *man* that hath undone
His wretched *ſelf*? My *fury* burns to be
Reveng'd on *man* for his *iniquitie*.
Break forth my reſtleſs *fury* and devour
That loathed thing call'd *man*, give him no power
To call me *Father*, whil'ſt abuſed *I*
Will ſtop my *ears*, and ſcorn to hear him cry:
Begone, enacſt my pleaſure.

The *Son* reply'd: Oh ſtop! Oh ſtay my *dear*,
My deareſt *Father*! Let thy ſacred *ear*
Stand open but one minute, that poor *man*
May ſtrive to plead, and utter what he can

For

For his own self. Alas, my *Son*, I know
The more he ſtrives to ſpeak, the more he'l ſhow
His *guilt*: And ah! what anſwer can he make
To angry *I*, that am reſolv'd to take
Speedy *revenge*? the more he ſtrives to clear
Himſelf, the more he'l make his *guilt* appear.
Begone my *fury*, run till thou art ſpent:
Away, away, and give my *paſſion* vent,
Vent it on *man*. My angry *Father* ſtay
A little longer, hear what I will ſay
In mans behalf: Oh, is not *man* thy creature?
His *ſins* are not ſo great, but *thou* art greater
In *mercy*: Oh be merciful, and let
(If nothing will) my *blood* diſcharge the debt:
I'le freely give it, may this Blood of mine
Extinguiſh quite thoſe angry *flames* of thine.
Oh be appeas'd, and give me leave to ſtrive
Againſt the power of *Satan*, and deprive
Him of his man-deluding power: I'le charm
His rav'ning *malice*, and withhold his *arm*
From hurting *man*: Nay, and I'le undergo
As many *ſorrows*, as the world can ſhow,
For *man* thy *image*: Say the word, and I
Will go, nay run, for joy, that I muſt dye
For *mans redemption*. Deareſt *Son*, then go,
Redeem relapſed *man*, that he may ow
An endleſs debt. But ſay, my *Son*, ſhould he,
For whom thou dyeſt, revile, diſhonor thee,
And trample in thy *precious blood*, and make
That *blood* prove *poyſon* to him, that ſhould take

The venome of his sins away? I'le strive,
The *Holy Ghost* reply'd, to make *man* thrive,
And grow in grace; I'le teach him to express
No famed, but a real thankfulness.
O Soul-transporting *Joy*! O truest *Love*
Without a *period*! O innoxious *Dove*!
Could'st thou, *thou Lamb of God*, be thus content
To step from Heav'n, and take that punishment
Upon thy *patient self*, which appertain'd
To *Heav'n-provoking man*, man that was stain'd
And blur'd with *Sin*, whose spots could never be
Wash'd out (*thou best Lamb*) by any but by thee?
Had'st *thou* not interpos'd, our *souls* had bin
Imbowel'd in the *Ocean* of our *Sin*:
And hadst *thou* not sustain'd us, we had fell,
And swelter'd in the restless *flames* of Hell.
Hadst thou not look'd upon our sad *condition*,
And pitied us, to see what *expedition*
We made to our own *ruines*, we had lost
The *hopes* of our *Salvation*, which cost
An unknown price: 'Twas not a swelling *flood*
Of heap'd up *gold* redeem'd us, but thy *blood*;
Thy precious blood, which flow'd like hasty *tide*,
In great abundance, from thy wounded *sides*.
Start from the *bed of sin* (my Soul) and run
To view the *splendor* of this glorious *Sun*:
See how *he* wrastles with the *gloomy clouds*
Of our *transgressions*; See how *he* unshrouds
Himself: Oh see what pains he undergoes,
To prove himself our *friend*, that were his *foes*.

Me

Methinks I hear a throng of people cry,
Let *Barabbas* be freed, let's crucifie
This *Jewish King*: let's lead him to his *death*,
'Tis pity he should draw a minutes *breath*.
Methinks I see how his weak *hands* are bound
With twisted *cords*: Methinks I see *him* crown'd
With sharpned *thorns*: Methinks I see them, how
They worship *him* with a dissembled *Bow*.
Methinks I see the *gazing people* run,
To see the *glorious setting* of this *Sun*.
Methinks I see his gentle *feet* divide
Their measur'd paces, to be crucify'd.
Methinks I see how his delightful *face*
Seems to receive an *honor* by *di grace*.
Methinks I see how his Heav'n-fixed *eyes*
Do overlook his raging *enemies*.
Methinks I see his *sphere-inviting breast*
Willingly ready to receive the rest
Of their intended *malice*; How his *palmes*
(Like one that gives, and not receives an almes)
Are spread abroad, which truly verifies
With what a cheerful willingness he dyes.
Methinks I see how his connexed feet
Salute the *Cross*, as if they joy'd to meet
With so, so fast a *friend*: Methinks I see
With what a Heav'n-infus'd reluctancie
He entertains their blows, as if he found
A *lively comfort* in each *deadly wound*.
Methinks I see his bubbling *veins*, how they
Swell up a little, and then shrink away,

And

And hide themſelves, as if they had expreſt
(For the departure of ſo warm a gueſt)
A ſecret *grief* ; Till conquering *death* exil'd
Life from the *body* of that *Lamb*, that *Child*,
That *Son of God*, in whom true *joys* recide ;
Who lives by dying, and by living dy'd.

Quis miſerior quàm qui ſuam neſcit miſeriam ?

DO I not dayly ſee that nothing can
Be ſo unſtable as the *ſtate* of *man ?*
Do I not ſee how *fortune* can correct
Misfortune ; and as ſuddenly neglect (crown'd
Poor helpleſs *man ?* Somtimes his thoughts are
With golden joys, and ſometimes kiſs the ground:
Somtimes he's fill'd with laughter, ſomtimes weeps;
Sometimes he walks in ſtate, & ſometimes creeps.
A morning joy proves ſometimes griet at night,
For fortunes dial goes not always right.
'Tis vain : 'tis vain : and ah that I could weep
My ſelf into a deluge, and ſo ſteep
My cheeks in tears : Oh that I could imbark
My naked *Soul*, and ſwim like *Noah's* Ark
In that grand *Ocean*, which my flowing eyes
Have made, and over-look my miſeries !

Diſtemp'red

Diſtemp'red *thoughts*, why do ye thus torment
My yeelding *Soul*? why does my *Soul* relent?
Why am I thus afflicted? why doth *ſorrow*
Take an advantage of my *Soul*, and borrow
Quotidian plagues, and ſtudy how to make
My heart its *Theator*? How ſhall I ſhake
Theſe coupling *fetters* from my captiv'd *heart*?
How ſhall I bid adue to *grief*, and part?
Where ſhall I run, and labor to unſnare
My breaſts inhabitant? Oh how, or where
Shall I retire my ſelf! In what ſad *place*
Shall I deplore my miſerable *caſe*?
Could I but find a place where I might dwell,
And only ſee the *Sun*, I'd bid farewel
To all *falſe pleaſures*.

For now my *Soul* ſtill hovers to and fro
From place to place: ſometimes it flies too low;
Sometimes, with more aſpiring *wings*, it flies,
And envies at *impoſſibilities*:
Then back again, and with a ſeeming *mirth*
Surveys the *center* of this flattering *earth*.
And thus my *Soul*, being left in this ſad *being*,
Agrees in nothing elſe but *diſagreeing*:
My *ways* are pav'd with *thorns*, I take my *diet*
From *ſorrows table*, furniſh'd with *diſquiet*:
I am the principle of *grief*, my *eyes*,
Like windows, open to all *miſeries*:
My *head*'s a fountain, and from thence doth flow
The headlong rivers of unbridled *woe*.

My

My *ſighs*, like ſudden ſtorms, diſturb my *reſt*,
As if I had a *Boreas* in my *breſt*.
Needs muſt I be moleſted in my *dreams*,
My *heart*'s the receptacle of all *ſtreams*:
Then blame me not, if *ſorrow* makes me cry;
Sum all *misfortune* up, and that am I.
But ſtay my *thoughts*; poſt not away too faſt:
Extreams are dangerous, and cannot laſt.
A ſudden *thought* hath made me to confeſs,
I may be happy in *unhappineſs*.
And what's a *thought*? 'tis but a ſudden puff;
Yet many may confound, when one's enough.
Come let's repoſe, and make a little ſtay,
One *Sun*'s ſufficient to adorn a day.
Why ſhould I wander in the darkſom *ſhades*
Of my own *errors*, whileſt a *grief* invades
My *naked ſenſes*? 'Tis in vain to ſtrive
Againſt the *power of God*, who can contrive
What pleaſes him: Why ſhall I then repine
At what he ſends? Can *Wretched I* confine
His *Will* to mine? Oh no; He ſuffers well,
Whoſe *ſuffrings* tell him there's no other *Hell*,
But in this *World*: Who would not then endure
Terreſtrial torments, that he may procure
Celeſtial pleaſures? *Sorrow* brings no *loſs*
To him whoſe *patience* can ſuſtain a *croſs*.
Hereafter I will labor to prevent
A little Sorrow by a great Content.

Surgit

Surgit post nubila Phœbus.

WHen *gloomy clouds* surround the *lofty skie*,
It is an argument a *storm* is nigh:
But when the *Sun*'s eclipsed from our sight,
We must not judg an *everlasting night*
Will then ensue: 'Tis danger to distrust
A *God* that is so *merciful*, so *just*.
The greatest *sin* that *Satan* can declare
Against a *guilty soul* is *sad despair*:
What though the *clouds of earth* shall interpose
Betwixt a *Soul* and *Heaven*? the wind blows
Not always in one place; one *happy hour*
May breed a *calm*, and qualifie a *showre*.
Some greedy *Lawyers*, when their *Clyents stock*
Is almost spent, rewards him with a *mock*:
The *Counsellor of Heav'n* gives more content
To a poor *sinner*, when his *breath* is spent:
Accepts the *will*, although his *tongue* be mute;
He seldom keeps him seven years in a *suite*:
He's free in *mercy*, and he takes delight
To end a *suite*, when *sorrow* makes it right:
God is not like to them that take a pride
In others *griefs*: when *tears* begin to slide,
His *mercy* falls; he cannot brook delay,
But meets a *sinners language* half the way.
His *ears* are always open to let in
A *sinners prayers*, when he lets out his *sin*.

What

What thogh I have transgrest? what tho my *crime*
Appear like *mountains?* mountains oftentimes
Sink lower; nay and God can pardon all
As well as one: for be they *great* or *small*,
They all are *sins*: *shrubs* grow as well as *trees*,
Gods mercy will admit of no *degrees*.
He that distrusts his *God* shall always find
A *clouded conscience*, and a *stormy mind*.
Seven days had run before God had attyr'd
The *World* with *order*, yet he was not tyr'd:
And shall we then expect to climbe so high
As *Heav'n*, in half an hour, or else deny
So blest a labor? No, *perhaps to day*
We keep the road, to morrow lose the way.

Contenta vita est summa fælicitas.

WHat is this *world?* A looking-glass wherein
We see the *body*, nay the *face* of *Sin*.
What's *Wealth*, what's *Honor?* Transitory *toys*.
What's *Mirth*, what's *Pleasure?* Melancholy *joys*.
Honor is *Envies* object; *Riches*, they
Are but the *subjects* of a *frowning day*.
Beauty's a slave to *time*, and fond *delight*
Teaches the *morning* how to fool the *night*.

Were

Were I a *Midas*, could my *towers* of *wealth*
Protect my *person* or preserve my *health*?
Were I a *Cæsar*, could my *honors* save
My crazy *carkase* from the gaping *grave*?
Were I as fair as *Venus*, could my *beauty*
Acquit me from that necessary duty
How to *change*? If so, I'd honor *pleasure*;
And hug my *honor*: and rejoyce in *treasure*.
If I had *riches*, they might make me fly
Upon the wings of *prodigality*.
If I had *honor*, that might make me dance
Ambition a *Corranto*, and advance
My self above my self: If *beauty* were
At my command, then might I chance t'insnare
The *wantons* of the *world*: nay, and intice
Virtue to change it self into a *vice*. (*lights*
Now tell me *Earth*, where are those *smooth* de-
thou often boasts of? are thy *golden nights*
Chang'd into *leaden days*? Oh tell me then!
Why dost thou so befool the *sons of men*?
Who, following thee, consume their precious *time*,
And are at last rewarded with a *crime*.
Content, that well advised word imports
A *crown of happiness*: All joy resorts
Into the *palace* of a blest *content*,
And there resides.
Content is golden ey'd, and can behold
A *dunghil* with as much respect as *gold*.
Content's a Jewel: but here lies the *art*,
Which way to hang it in a *restless heart*.

Much

Much have I heard of that *rich ſtone*, which all
Are pleas'd t'entitle, *Philoſophical*;
And *fame* reports, that many *Wits* have try'd
T'obtain it, and before obtain'd it dy'd,
And loſt their *eager hopes*; nay, what is worſe,
Left a rich *ſtudy*, but a poorer *purſe*.
And to conclude. *experience* made it known,
Had they not loſt Content, they'd found the Stone

Pax una triumpha eſt.

PEace is the life of *happineſs*, and *Strife*
A living *Death* unto a dying *Life*:
Envy's the *child* of *Strife*, and pregnant *Peace*
Is an indulgent *Mother*, whoſe encreaſe
Adorns the earth: *Peace* is a *Turtle Dove*,
Compos'd of nothing but the *pureſt Love*.
What's *martial triumph*, but a little blaze
Which now aſpires, and by and by decays?
What *triumph* is't, to ſee the *ſhivered bones*
Of *breathleſs men*, and hear th'*impetuous groans*
Of thoſe whoſe *feeble tongues* invite a *death*
To diſpoſſeſs them of their *loathed breath*?
Sad are th'effects of *War*, and yet this age
Eſteems not *Peace*, but lets *Contention* rage
Into a *madneſs*: Oh unhappy *State*,
Where *Strife*'s deſir'd too ſoon, & *Peace* too late!

Soul-

Soul-calming *Peace*, and heart-corroding *Strife*
Live here like *Factors*, both for *death* and *life*.
It is a sacred *Jubile*, to hear
Soft-breathing *Peace*, chanting in every ear (press
Rare strains of *Heav'n-bred raptures*, which ex-
Full *Diapasons* of our *happiness*:
But 'tis a *dying life* to see, that *bliss*
Should, by a *hellish metamorphosis*, (tion,
Be thus transhap'd to *Strife*: There's no *preven-*
Abused *Peace* perverts into *contention*.
And can the *Diamond* of *Amitie*,
If once dissevered in pieces, be
Compos'd again? *Experience* makes us find,
Tis quickly broken, but not quickly joyn'd.
Oh *Peace*! Can we expect thy blest *return*,
If we, whose flaming envies daily burn
Thy name within the *Ætnas* of our breasts,
Do make thee subject to our vile detests?
Tis often seen, *Cantharides* do dwell
Upon the *fairest rose*, whose pleasing smell
Delights the *sense*: It may be truly said,
Envy, that base *Cantharides*, hath laid
It self upon the *Roses* of our *Peace*,
And rob'd us of a liberal *encrease*.
Have not our eyes in former times beheld
The fruits of *Peace*? have not our *Souls* been fill'd
With *heavenly pleasures*, and our grasping hands
Gather'd the *plenty* of our *peaceful Lands*?
Did not the painful *husbandman* bestow
His *labors* with a *cheerful brow*, and sow

The *often-furrowed earth* ? But now, ah now,
Intruding *Mars* moleſts the active *plough* !
And have we not by ſad *experience* found,
Contentious *Mars* ploughs *bodies*, & not *ground* ?
Oh miſerable *tillage* ! This will bring
A bloody *Harveſt*, and as bad a *Spring*.
See ſmiling *Bacchus*, with his brim-fill'd *bowls*,
Would tempt us to carouze away our *Souls*.
Mars with a palled look proclaims an end
To all our *paſtimes* : *Sorrow* knows no friend.
Mars thunders, *Bacchus* ſmiles, and *Cupid* cries,
Envy ſurvives, *Truth* pines, and *Friendſhip* dyes.
Peace flies her *Country*, and with *diſcontent*
Bemoans our *ſorrows*, and her *baniſhment*.
And thus we tumble in our own *confuſion*,
A bad beginning finds a bad concluſion.

A DISCOURSE between the *SOUL* and *WORLD*.

HOw now ſad *Soul*; from whence proceeds (thoſe *clouds* *Wo.*
Which ſtill eclipſe thy *fancy* thus, & ſhrouds
Thy *ſplendent glory?* what *contentious Fate*
Hath bred *diſturbance* in thy *quiet State?*
Tell me, come tell me, that my *ſtudious care*
May be imploy'd to ſerve thee: Why, or where
Art thou oppreſt? Come, never fear to tell
Thy *grief* to me, thou know'ſt I love thee well.
Oh I am ſick, canſt thou be my *Phyſitian?* *Sou.*
I can, ſick *Soul*: Come tell me thy *condition.* *Wo.*
Draw neerer then, for ah my *ſpirits* fail; *Sou.*
I'm ſick becauſe I know not what I ail.
If thou art ſick, and canſt not find thy *grief*, *Wo.*
How canſt thou be a *ſuitor* to *relief?*
Were it a *ſingle ſorrow* that oppreſt *Sou.*
My *wearied mind*, 'twere eaſily expreſt;

But when *pluralities* shall circumvent
A troubled *mind*, how can that mind have vent?
Wo. Come, leave these vain *exordiums*, let my ear
Be heir to thy *discourse*, I long to hear;
Conceal not that, which if reveal'd may bring
A remedy: Come, tell me what's the thing
That thus corrodes thy *breast*; 'tis I alone
Must give thy heart *refreshment*, or else none.
Sou. Alas fond *World!* how justly may I stile
Thy help a hinderance, thy treasures vile!
What *answer* shall I now retort, that may
Expressly satisfie? I cannot say
What I desire; for when I strive to speak,
My *passion* grows too strong, my *tongue* too weak;
My numerous *pains* infatuate my *wit*.
Wo. Pish, this is but a *melancholly fit*:
Clear up thy clouded *thoughts*, such *fits* as these
Are incident to all; learn to appease
Thy instigating *passion*, and advise
With me; I'le make thee well, I'le make thee wise:
My bounteous *treasure* shall increase thy *store*
With great abundance: Come, let's have no more
Of these thy *petulant discourses*, be
Prescrib'd by none (*dear Soul*) except by me;
I'le cure thy pain. *Soul.* Fond *World* forbear
To urge my *resolution*, or insnare
My yeelding spirits; let thy language be
Reserv'd for them that will be fool'd by thee:
Thy *elevating joys*, which did before
Inrich my *vacant senses*, make them poor:

And now I find the *greateſt plague* that can
Concomitate poor *miſerable man*,
Is to be happy. *World.* That's a *paradox*,
Is happineſs a *crime*?
Miſtake me not raſh fool, for my *pretence* *Sou.*
Is good, if not corrupted by the *ſence*
You take it in? For tell me what canſt thou
Inſinuating *wretch* vouchſafe t'allow,
That will perpetuate? haſt thou the power
T'aſſure a *happineſs* for one half hour?
If ſo, I will obſequiouſly confine
My ſelf to thy *directions*, and be thine.
I tell thee *Soul*, thy *fancy* thus diſturb'd *Wo.*
Will ruinate thy *ſenſes*, if not curb'd.
Convince thy ſelf, and be not thus averſe
To *Reaſon*; after *folly* comes a *curſe*.
But what is this to my *demands*? I ſee, *Sou.*
Thou lov'ſt to hear thy ſelf declare, not me.
Anſwer to my *objections*, then I'le reſt,
A quiet *Soul*, in a reſolved *breſt*.
Oh, that I were ſo bleſt to know the *ſtate* *Wo.*
Of thy condition. *Soul.* Wilt thou ſtill deviate,
And ramble from thy text? *Worl:* Believe't dear
There is no friend more ſtrongly can condole (*ſoul*
Thy weakneſs, then my ſelf; I ſympathize,
And truly grieve for thy *infirmities*:
Witneſs theſe falling *tears*; Oh, may't be known,
Sick *Soul*, I weep thy *ſorrows*, not mine own:
Sorrow forbids my gentle lips to ſmile;
For ah I am: *Soul:* A woful *crocodile*:

I, I, a woful *Exile*. *Worl:* For thy sake
I'le suffer *thousand griefs*, and undertake
Ten thousand more, that I at last may prove
How much I've merited thy *truest love*.
Sou. What *voyce* is this that penetrates my *ear?*
What do I hear, or do I seem to hear?
Or is't a *dream? Wo.* No, no, (blest *Soul*) 'tis true,
'Tis I that suffer these *extreams* for you.
Sou. Reserve thy *tears:* Alas! I did but try
Thy *love*, and now I find th'art *constancy*
It self: but tell me *World*, wilt thou content
My greedy mind with *wealth?* when that is spent
Will't give me more? and when that more is gone,
Wilt thou be sure to heap one bag upon
Another? Wilt thou make me to out-vie
The sons of men in *prodigality?*
Dost hear me World? *World.* I do, and I am sore
Oppress't, because thou canst not ask yet more:
Honor, *Wealth*, *Dignities*, and all shall stand,
Like *subjects* proud, to kiss their *Princes* hand.
I'le hug thee in mine arms, and thou shalt sleep
In *gold-surrounded beds:* whil'st others weep
At *fortunes gates*, upon their *bended knees*,
Thou, thou, shalt sit and read *sad Elegies*
Imprinted on their *meagre cheeks*; I, I,
These are true *symptomes* of *Eternitie*.
What, melancholly yet? cannot these *charms*
Induce thee to my *soul-inviting arms?* (*sure*
Speak *Soul*, are these not *joys?* are these not *plea-*
To be imbrac'd? speak; are not these rare *treasures*

Bas

Baſe *World*, th'art truly baſe; now I perceive *Sou.*
Thy lab'ring *policy* is to deceive.
What, didſt thou think my *heart* begun to dote,
When I, to make a *concord*, chang'd my *note*?
Oh no, *vile varlet*: no, I did but try
Thy *craft*, by learning what thou wouldſt reply
To my *demands*: Divineſt language could
Move no *reply*, when baſer language would:
But now thou *nothing*, made of nothing, know,
Th'aſt loſt a *friend* by me, and found a *foe*.
Here I declare my ſelf, and do proteſt
Before *juſt Heav'n*, that whileſt I live poſſeſt
Of *vital breath*, I will imploy my *heart*
T'oppoſe thy *flatt'ring folly*; for thou art
A perjur'd *Traytor* to the *Souls* divine,
And ſacred *Majeſty*, and wilt incline
Thy *ears* to nothing but to *antick tricks*,
And call'ſt *divine thoughts*, *melancholly fits*.
And ſo farewel, falſe *traytor*; now 'tis known,
The more we are thine, the leſs we are our own.
And is this all? *Sou:* 'Tis all. *Wor:* Then *Soul*, adue. *Wo.*
Oh may I ne're prove falſe, till thou prov'ſt true. *Sou.*

A DISCOURSE between the SOUL and FAITH.

Sou. *Faith*, can thy hand protect me? can thy art
Prescribe a *cordial* for a fainting heart?
Hast thou the skill to settle my *belief*,
And arm my *Soul* against the *darts* of *grief*?

Fai. I have the *art*, (sad Soul,) hadst thou the *power*
T'imbrace *belief*, to bring thee to the *Bower*,
The *fragrant Bower* of *pleasure*, which shall be
Perfum'd, and deckt with blest *Eternitie*.

Sou. I do believe, and my *belief* torments
My *mind* with millions of sad *discontents*.
I do believe, what ever *Heav'n* devis'd,
Then judg, oh judg, how I am *Tantaliz'd*!

Fai. Oh know (mistaking Soul) such *faith* we call,
By the sad name of *diabolical*.

Sou. Oh strange, oh sad, oh miserable *case*!
Has *faith* rob'd *Janus* of his double face?
Doth not the *sacred volumn* end this strife,
And bids *believe*, and have *eternal life*?

Fai. Th'*eternal tenants* of th'*infernal lake*,
Believe and tremble too, but can partake

Of

Of nothing but their *torments*, and obtain
Nothing, except th'*enlargement* of their *pain*.
How comes it then to pass, if they beleeve, *Son.*
They're not rewarded, but must always grieve,
In *utter darkness*? Is their *faith* so strong
T'acknowledg *God*, & yet they know him wrong?
They acknowledg *God* in *Justice*, but have run *Fai.*
Beyond *his mercy*, and despis'd *his Son*:
Their *faith* prevails but only to inthral
Their Souls, because 'tis not *salvifical*.
But tell me *Faith*, how may I learn to know, *Son.*
Whether thou art *salvifical* or no?
Examine well thy self, then go and pry *Fai.*
Into the sacred *Scriptures*; let thine *eye*
Peruse with *diligence*, and let thy *pray'rs*
Sail towards the *port* of *Heav'n* in swelling *tears*,
Then thou wilt find, how dearly *God* will own
A *Soul* that sings a *penitential tone*.
But when I strive and struggle to express *Son.*
My self in *pray'r*, I find a *dubiousness*.
It is a happiness oft-times, to doubt *Fai.*
A *happiness*:--------

How oft did *David* (Gods delight) cry out,
My God, my *glorious God*. Oh why, oh why
Hast *thou* forsaken me, and dost deny
The spreading *splendor* which was wont to shine,
And glimmer on this doubtful *Soul* of mine?
Be serious, *Soul*, and let they *thoughts* reflect
On *Gods indulgency*, and thy *neglect*.

How

How often hath he with his dewy *locks*
Attended thee, and with redoubled *knocks*
Desir'd, nay beg'd an *entrance*, to impart
Love-sick *expressions* to thy wilful *heart*?
And *ah*, how willingly hath he delated
His *dear affections* to thee, and not hated
To call thee his own *Image*, nay his *Dove*?
(Oh streaming fountain of Eternal Love!)
How hath he lab'red with a *watchful eye*,
To woo thee to his *blest eternity*?

Son. But tell me then, if I am thus, thus dear
Unto *my GOD*; why will *my GOD* not hear
My *morning sorrows*, and my *midnight moans*,
And stop the *revolutions* of my *groans*,
But let my poor *Astræa* fly in vain
To his high *Altar*, and return again
Unanswer'd? ah, what *over-awing rod*
Smarts like the *silence* of an *angry GOD*!

Fai. (Distemp'rd *Soul*) oh do not thou become
(Because thy *GOD* seems deaf unto thee) dumb;
Reverberate the *portals* of his *ears*
With thy *complaints*, and let thy *vocal tears*
Invite an *audience*; urge him by the force
Of his own language, *Heav'n* cannot divorse
Himself from his own words; oh, let him know
Thou hast his *sacred promises* to show *(earth*
For what thou dost: Tell him that *Heav'n* and
Shall pass away, but the delightful *birth*
Of his *pathetical expressions* shall
Be *heirs* unto *Eternity*; go call

Himself

Himself to witneſs for himſelf; be bold
To tell him to his face, thou haſt layd hold
Upon his *promiſes*; tell him thou art
A *whole*, a *broken*, and a *contrite heart*:
Tell him th'art heavy loaden, and oppreſt,
And crav'ſt the *injoyment* of a *happy reſt*:
What though thy *querelous deſires* at firſt
Seem to be frivolous, and ſlightly nurſt?
Detract not thou, but be progreſſive ſtill,
And not too *retrograde*, but let thy will
Attend his *pleaſure*; is't not fit that *he*
Should be attended, that attended *thee*?
What if he ſtill denies, thou art but payd (made?
With that dull *Coin* which thine own *ſins* have
Hath he not waited at the *brazen Walls*
Of thy *regardleſs breſt*, us'd many *calls*,
Nay many thouſands, and hath daily knock'd
And found the *nurs'ry* of thy ears ſtill lock'd
And bar'd againſt him? 'twas enough to turn
Patience into an *Extaſy*, and burn
The ſtrongeſt *Reſolution*, and incite
Vengeance to make an *everlaſting night*.
Oh think on this (*bleſt Soul*) and be content,
Good actions ſeldom want a good event.

Another

Another
DISCOVRSE
between
The SOVL and FAITH.

Sou. I'M *full*, and yet seem *empty*; I have store
Of *earths delectables*, and yet I'm poor;
I have what e're my rav'nous *thoughts* require,
And yet I want in having my *desire*;
I eat delicious *food*, drink sparkling *wine*,
Injoy my *self*, and yet I am not mine;
I am the *worlds delight*, I am the *child*
Of pregnant *fortune*, yet I am revil'd:
And what external *happiness* can be
Thought worth *imbracement*, is imbrac'd by me.
Since all these *joys* are heap'd upon my back,
I fain would know, what 'tis I seem to lack.

Fai. Thy wants are soon expresst (dull *Soul*,) I know,
Who wants my *helpful hand*, wants *power* to go.
Oh what an easie matter 'tis, to find
A *stuff'd-up body*, and an *empty mind*!
Grief rest within the *Centre* of that *breast*,
That knows not what is *worst*, nor what is *best*;
But still looks downwards on this *dunghil earth*,
That alienates the *Soul*, and breeds a *dearth*

Within

Within that sacred *Essence*, that divine
And glorious *Monarchy*: who can define
Th'inchanting *Raptures*,' and th'emperious *Joys*
Of sublimated *Heav'n*, that toyls for *toys*?
Thou sayst th'art *full*, yet *empty*; thou hast store
Of *earths delectables*, and yet art poor:
Tis true th'art *full*; but tell me whence proceeds
That *fulness*, say, what *charitable deeds*
Hast thou perform'd; oh learn (frail *Soul*) t'ex-
Too great a fulness breeds an emptiness. (press,
Experience tells thee, there is nothing worse
Then *slighted mercy*, turn'd into a *curse*.
Thou sayst, th'injoyst what e're thy *mind* requires,
And yet thou want'st in having thy *desires*;
Thou eat'st, thou drink'st, and hast the *worlds con-*
To be her *darling*, yet art not content. (*sent*
Tis true, he wants, whose *fulness* wants *desire*
To want that *fulness* which his *wants* require.
What though the *world* accumulates *increase*;
There's no *content*, when *Heav'n* denies a *Peace*.
If Heav'ns blest mouth proclaim'd, *no peace should Son.*
Unto the wicked: What's become of me, (*be*
Who always liv'd to *sin*, and sin'd to dye!
Oh miserable, miserable I!
'Tis true, *GOD* will not suffer *Peace* t'arise *Fai.*
Unto the *Wicked*, yet that *GOD* denies
A *Sinners death*, and by a free *consent*
Promis'd a *pardon*, with this word, *Repent*:
'Tis a persisting *Sinner* must expect
A sad *reward*, for a perform'd *neglect*.

Then

Son. Then what must I expect, have I not run
(Even from the *rising*, to the *setting Sun*,)
In paths of *negligence*, and still persisted,
And rather back'd a *sinner*, then resisted
The power of *sin*? Oh how can I obtain,
Or *thoughts*, or *hopes* to be reclaim'd again?
Fai. The *mouth* of *Heav'n* did never yet divide
His *language* thus; My *Soul* shall not abide
A *penitent offender*; no, his *breath*
Speaks better things, then the lamented *Death*
Of those, who though they have in former times
Been permanent in their unbosom'd *crimes*;
Yet when the *sense* of their *transgression* brings
Abundant *sorrow*, then *Jehovah* sings
Rare *strains* of *mercy* to their *Souls*, and powres
His *endless mercy* down in liberal *showres*.
Son. And is our *GOD* so *merciful*, so *just*
To lep'rous *Souls*? and shall not my *Soul* trust
In such a never-failing *GOD*? Shall I
Retort a *no*, when *he* proclaims an, *I*?
Oh no, Ile take what he shall give, and then (*men.*
When *Heav'n* proclaims, my *tongue* shall say *A-*
For 'tis thy *Christ*, thy *Love*, thy *Son* must ease us.
Fai. *Follow me Soul, Ile lead thee to thy Iesus.*

Penetrant

Penetrant Suſpiria Cœlum.

ARe *ſighs* ſo prevalent, that they can be
Admitted to the *ears* of *Majeſtie?*
Is *Heav'n* ſo weak, or *ſighs* ſo ſtrong, that they
Can make an *on-ſet*, and enforce their *way*
Unto the *ears* of *GOD?* Can *ſighs* perſwade
That *Lamb* to *mercy*, that our *ſins* betray'd?
Can roaring *Lyons* meet, and can they part
Without a *combate?* Can a *lep'rous heart*
Meet *GOD*, and think t'out-brave him in his *Sion?*
(Our ſins are *Lyons*, yet our *God's* a *Lyon.*)
And what's a *ſigh?* 'tis but a blaſt of wind
Blown from the *Centre* of a *ſtormy mind:*
And can the *ayr* of one poor *ſigh* aſpire
So high as *Heav'n?* ——

—— Ah *ſighs* can never tire
In ſuch a *progreſs*; though they be but *ayr*,
Yet they condenſe within the ſacred ear
Of *nurſing Majeſty*, who hears the ſound
Of well-ſpent *groans*, & takes them at the bound.
Sighs are like *morning Larks*, ſometimes they fly
And chatter *praiſes* to the *bluſhing skie*;
Then wearied with their *flights*, dart down amain,
Longing to repoſſeſs the *earth* again.
So *ſighs* (the Souls beſt *oratory*,) fly
To the *interpreter* of *groans*, who'le not deny

To

To hear the *hearts embassage*, but delights
To see *souls* (wingd with *sighs*) to take such flights,
But when our *hearts* are loaded with the *cares*
Of this *vile earth*, and sigh themselves to *tears*,
Oh then he stops his *ears*, and makes them know,
Their *sighs* are earthly, and they fly too low;
Nor can they reach the *Suburbs* of his *ear*,
Unless they mount into a *higher sphere*.
Then let thy well-directed *sighs*, my *Soul*,
Mount upwards still, that there they may condole
Thy *ev'ning sorrow*, and thy *morning grief*;
Then they'l (like *Doves*) return, and bring *relief*
Unto thy *floating heart*, and thou shalt find
The *operations* of a *sigh*; thy *mind*
Shall purge it self; thrice happy's thy *condition*,
Sighs are good physick, when Heav'n is Physitian.

Roganti dabitur.

WHo would not be a *Beggar*, that may crave
Upon such easie terms, but *ask*, and *have*?
Here's *swelling bounty*, and sure this must be
No *humane*, but a *Divine charitie*:
Here well-instructed *poverty* may live,
He that gives power to ask, hath power to give;
The *greatest gift* that ever yet was known,
Was freely given, being ask'd by none.

And

And *he* that gave t hath many *gifts* in ſtore;
(Many give once, becauſe they'l give no more.)
But *h* , who gave that *gift*, will not refrain,
(If wiſely ask'd) to give us *gifts* again.
And if a heart-recorded gift we make
Of this; his giving, teaches us to take.
Be it ordain'd, that *begging* be an *art*,
Heaven loves a *giving hand*, a *beggi g heart*.
But let us reſt a little; here's the *tr k*,
Heav'n knows to *give*, we know not how to *ask*:
Methinks I hear ſome *multiloquious fool*
Make this *reply*, what, muſt I go to *ſchool*
And learn to *beg*? I'm skilful to require,
If *Heav'n* would ſuit his *gifts* to my deſire.
Let *fools* delight in *folly*, let them think
That men are blind, becauſe they ſee them wink:
Others methinks reply; Have we not cry'd
To *Heav'n* for *bleſſings* and have been deny'd?
Have not our early voyces been extended
To *Heav'n*, and yet our labors *vili-pended*?
Is this th'effect of *pray'r*? are theſe the *gains*
That we were largely promis'd for our *pains*?
Go ſilly *Souls*, and do not thus conteſt *(beſt.*
With *him* that knows what's *worſt*, and what is
Ye know not what ye ask; your *fond deſires*,
If granted to, may breed ſuch *flaming fires*
Within your greedy *breſts*, and ſo torment
Your *hearts* with millions of ſad *diſcontent*:
Then may ye know that true *diſcretion* lies
As well in asking, as in giving-wiſe.

And solid *hearts* will labor first to know
What's fit for their *desires*, and then they'l sow
Their *pray'rs* in such a *soil* as shall encrease
Their stock of Grace, and everlasting Peace.

Pulsanti aperietur.

KNock, and it shall be open'd; here's an *art*
Requires the *labors* of a studious *heart*:
It is an easie action, some suppose,
Because it commonly consists of blows.
Here's a *mysterious knock*, 'tis not the *hand*
Of flesh and blood can knock, or *tongue* command
The *gates* to move; 'tis not Saint *Peters* keyes
Can turn the *lock*, except the *Landlord* please.
Heaven's a well-order'd *family*, whose gate
Opens not soon to them that knock too late:
But those, whose early labors shall implore
To have *admittance* at that sacred *door*,
Must well instruct their *hearts*, and have a *care*,
First learning how to knock, and after, where.
How happy's he, that really can say,
Go take thy rest (my Soul) th'ast knock'd to day.
He's happy, that can speak such words as these,
Open the door (my Soul) thou hast the keyes.
How happy's he, that by a *faithful knock*
Can make the yeelding Gates of *Heav'n* unlock?

Pray'rs

Pray'rs are the keyes of *Heav'n*, the melting door
Is *mercy*, That lets in and out the ſtore.
Faith is the golden key, which gives us all
A ſpeedy *entrance* to the *ſpacious Hall:*
But we muſt open (or elſe not come there)
The *gate of Mercy* with the *key of Pray'r:*
Go then, my *Soul*, into ſome private place,
Unlock thy *heart*, and when unlock'd, abaſe
Thy ſelf before the Throne of *Heav'n*, and fly
Unto the Temple of *Divinity.*
Go knock thy *heart* out; if that will not do,
Say, *Heaven's* grown deaf, or elſe thy heart's not
Caſt off the thred-bare *garments* of thy *ſin*, (true.
Thy *pray'rs* will melt the *gates*, and let thee in:
The *Governor of Heav'n* will not refuſe
To give an *audience* to ſuch welcome news;
Nor can he be ungrateful, or neglect
To crown thy *labors* with a true *reſpect:*
Then tune thy *heart*, and teach it to expreſs
Full *Diapaſons* of true thankfulneſs: (knock,
And grant (dear God) when my poor *Soul* ſhall
That my unworthy key may fit thy lock.

AN

ELEGIE

Upon that Son of Valor *Sir CHARLES LUCAS*,

Who was shot to Death by the Command of the Councel of War, before *COLCHESTER*.

To all those that love the memory of Sir Charles Lucas.

Reader,

WHen my serious thoughts reflected upon the *Death* of so worthy a *person*, I could not but *privately* deplore so *publike a loss*; and being importuned by his *virtues*, and my own *sorrow*, I gave my *pen* the priviledg (assisting it with the uttermost of my power) to compose this *Elegious Poem* upon his *Death*, which I cannot expect will be consonant to all *humors*, but only to *them* that love *Loyalty*. (*Reader*) I shall desire thee to let the strength of thy *goodness* pardon the weakness of *him* that is

His Kings, his Countries, and Thine,

JOHN QUARLES.

AN

AN
ELEGIE.

I Cannot hold, the Laws of *Nature* break
The Laws of *Reaſon*, and my *Ciſterns* leak.
Pardon my tears (*oh Heaven*) and let thy pow'r
Subdue my *grief*, and mitigate this *ſhowre*:
Reſtore me to *my ſelf*, and let my *Quill*
Weep for me: let it weep until it fill (flow
Whole *volumes* with ſad tears, tears that may
From *age* to *age*, that all the *world* may know
It weeps for him, whoſe never-dying name
Gives golden feathers to the wings of fame.
But is it requiſite that I alone
Should ſtorm ſo great a work as this, and none
Invok'd t'aſſiſt me? *Sorrow hates delay*;
Oh hear my haſty *call*, and come away,
Ye *grief-ſupporting Muſes*, here is that
Will ſublimate your *ſenſes*; aſk not what
It is, for fear, leſt *melancholly I*,
Raviſh'd with what I ſpeak, ſhould faint and dye.
Times *full-mouth'd Herauld* will exactly tell
How *Death* hath rambl'd from his miſty *Cell*.
And with preſumptuous *violence* hath ſhot
A *Star*, whoſe *fall* will never be forgot.

Then rouze your down-cast *spirits*, now, or never,
Shake off your *slumbers*, or repose for ever:
Lucas has conquer'd *Death*, he's gone to keep
An *everlasting Sabbath*, and to sleep
In *Abrahams* bosom: *Ah, methinks this breath*
Should re-invite you from the shades of *Death*
To weep his *obsequies*; but if there's none
Will be invok'd, my *Muse* shall walk alone
Into the *Wilderness of grief*, and there
Condole this *loss*, till *sorrow* wants a tear.
Have I betray'd my self? Am I o'retaken
With *folly*? Or has *Reason* quite forsaken
The *kingdom* of my mind? If he be blest,
How dare my tears thus interrupt his rest?
Oh *Times!* Oh *Manners!* Is the world grown mad?
Some I behold rejoycing; others sad
As *grief* can make them: Sure we have forgot
To sympathize, or else why weep we not,
Or smile together? Has *Death* got the power
To make us *weep*, and *smile* within an hour:
Smile they that please, mine eyes cannot forbear
For every *smile* of theirs, to shed a *tear*.
Come real-hearted *Mourners*, and incline
Your *ears* to my sad story, and confine
Your selves to *sorrow*, sorrow that shall need
No *definition*, if your hearts can bleed.
Now, now, they shall, and may that barren *eye*
That will not weep, prove blind, or always dry:
And they that can, and will not now let fall
Some tears, have hard *hearts*, or no *hearts* at all.

Lucas

Lucas (rare Soul) oh that my *tongue* might dwel
Upon thy *name*; 'twas *thou* that didst excel
The world in *Martial Valor*: he that can
Forget thy *name*, forgets to be a *Man*.
'Tis *death* to say th'art *dead*; Thou canst not dye:
If thou art *dead*, there's no *Eternity*.
Thou liv'st in spite of *Death*, yet I condole
Thy *murther'd body*; but I'm sure thy *Soul*
Lives above *envy*, where it shall be blest
In spite of *those*, whose wisdoms thought it best
To put a period to thy *days*, and bring
Joy to themselves, and sorrow to their *King*.
Discreetly done, and sure this Act must be
Recorded in the Rouls of Infamie,
That after Ages, when they do behold,
May blush, what noble Deeds were done of old.
Say *Tyrants*, say, was't not a shameful strife
To send a *Death*, after a promis'd *Life*:
If this be *Mercy*, Heav'n protect us all
From such a *Mercy*, so *tyrannical*.
If this be *Justice*, may such Justice have
A *Hell* to act in, or at least a *Cave*.
What had he acted that could contradict
The Laws of *Justice*? Search, and be as strict
As *policy* can make you, all ye can
Impute, was this, he was a *valiant man*,
Who lov'd his *King*, and undertook to play
A *noble Game*, wherein his *honor* lay

At *stake*; what would you have a Gamester do?
Should he surrender up *a game* to *you*,
Without contending? such a *high-bred shame*,
Had left a *blur* within his spotless *name*?
I tremble at my thoughts, I cannot hold,
My *quill* must run, ye can but term me bold,
As ye are *tyrannous*: In former times,
Boldness in truths were pardonable crimes.
How could ye chuse but tremble when ye nam'd
His *death*, whom *honor*, and the *world* had fam'd?
Such deeds as these we needs must discommend,
Y'ave *murther'd* your own *honors*, & our *friend*.
How could ye chuse but blush to see him stand
Undaunted at your *tragical command*?
How could ye chuse but fly, when he was fled,
T'imbrace his *death*, and *dye* when he was *dead*?
How could your *Will-obeying slaves* let fly
A *bullet* at his *breast*, and they not *dye*?
Why dy'd they not, when as they went about
To make those *holes*, whereat his *Soul flew out*?
Mars frown'd when he observ'd what ye had done,
And perpetrated on his *dearest Son*:
And thus declares; *If any mortal shall*
Dare to *intitle*, or presume to *call*
Such *Rabshecha's* his *Sons*, that they shall be
All voted *Traytors* to his *Majesty*:
The *Muses*, they complain, and are agreed
To vindicate his *death*, and ever feed
Upon his *virtues*, and will never more
Smile on your *actions*, but will still deplore
Their

their *loſt-love Lucas*; and the *earth* ſhall ring
With *Ecchoes* of his *praiſe*, that lov'd his *King*.
Apollo weeps, and ſays, ye have forgot
To cheriſh *vertue*, or ye love it not:
And to the world he'l fully make it known
In his deſtruction, ye have overthrown
Your *home-bred honors*: Now my *Muſe* retire
And gather breath; 'tis wiſdom to enquire
Which way to take our *progreſs*; we muſt know
Whither to *go*, as well as how to *go*:
The paths of *death* are darkſom, and we may
Plead an excuſe, if we have gone aſtray:
Errors in *grief* are incident to all
That truly ſolemnize a *funeral*.
But ſtay my *quill*, 'tis not my task to crave
Excuſes, but to treat upon a *grave*,
A *grave* within whoſe *ſullen boſom* lies
A *Gem*, contemn'd by thoſe that could not prize
So rare a piece, within whom was repos'd
Virtue, and *honor*, for he was compos'd
Of both: (*kind Reader*) know that *Lucas* had
A *Magazin* of worth; his Soul was clad
With *robes* of innocency, and his heart
So ſworn to *honor*; that it could not ſtart
From *noble Exerciſes*, though attended
With troops of *dangers*, dangers that portended
A thouſand *deaths*: his *wiſdom* could deſcry
Both *life*, and *death*, with a contented *eye*:
Life was his Jewel, yet he did not prize
That *life* at ſuch a rate, as to deſpiſe

A *noble Death*; he labor'd to expreſs
To both a very equal willingneſs.
He knew his *life* was lent him to maintain
The rights of *Majeſty*, and to regain
Thoſe juſt *prerogatives*, which do belong
To *CHARLS*, who patiently ſuſtains the wrong.
His *Soul* was undivided, and could never
Ramble from *Loyalty*; his whole endeavor
Was to advance that *Cauſe* wherein he ſtood
Ingag'd, and *dy'd it with his crimſon blood.*
Since thus he *liv'd*, ſince thus he *dy'd*, oh then
Let's imitate ſo *good a life*: and when
We hear the ſad relation of his *Death*,
Let's learn to *dye*: Let them that live by *breath*
Examine his *brave actions*, and they'l find
He had a rare militia in his mind.
But ſtouteſt *Lions* are at laſt o'rethrown
By *Natures Laws*; for *Nature* needs muſt own
Her *principles*: our earthen *veſſels* muſt
At laſt diſſolve, and turn themſelves to *duſt*.
Live we a thouſand years, we do but run
In debt to *Nature*; and when thoſe days are done,
We are but *mortal*, ſubject to decay,
And *youth* and *age* muſt go the ſelf-ſame way.
Reader, as often as *report* ſhall ſend
Unto thy *ears* the death of any *friend*, (wrong,
Wonder not that he's *dead*, that's too much
But rather wonder that he liv'd ſo long:
For *Life's* but like a *Candle*, every *wind*
May puff it out, and leave a *ſnuff* behind.

But

But whither runs my *pen*; Does ſorrow mean
To make of this an *everlaſting ſcean?*
Lucas made *Sorrow* lovely, *Death* a pleaſure,
And *Life* a trifle, *Miſery* a treaſure:
And now let no audatious tongue deny
That he taught *Death* to live, and *Life* to dye.
Now *gentle Soul*, go take thy ſweet repoſe
In *Heav'ns* eternal *bed*, where none but *thoſe*,
Shall ſleep, that in their *life-times* ſtudy'd how
To dye: there reſt (*dear Soul*) I'le leave the now.
My *heart* begins to quake, that word has bred
A *palſie* in my hand, and *grief* has ſpred
A *vail* upon my *Senſes*; and *Confuſion*
Keeps in, and leads me to a ſad *Concluſion*.
Shall I *begin*, or *end*, I know whether;
Oh that I could begin, and end together!
Begin, what's that, but to renew a *grief*:
To end, what's that, but to implore *relief*.
What ſhall I do? when as I ſtrive to end,
I ſtill forget to do, what I intend.
When I begin, methinks I am content
Never to end: *Diſtraction* is th'event
Of *Sorrow*. (*Reader*) pardon this laſt error,
For I began with *grief*, and end with *terror*.

AN

AN EPITAPH.

*C*ome *gentle eyes* and take a view,
*H*ere reſts a *Jewel* was as true
*A*s *Truth* it ſelf; ſee how *he* lies
*R*enown'd, and *crown'd*, a *Sacrifice*.
*L*ay your *hands* upon your *hearts*,
*E*ach *eye* muſt weep before it parts.
*S*igh, and *ſob*; let each *ſigh* call

*L*ove to attend his *Funeral*.
*U*nderſtand that this was *he*
*C*onquer'd *Death*, and *Tyrannie*:
*A*nd when your *eyes* begin to run,
*S*ay ye'ave gaz'd upon a *Sun*.

AN

ELEGIE

Upon the Death of my dear Friend

Mr ROBERT REASON

Who quitted this life the 13.
NOVEMBEBER, 1646.

——*Sic volvêre Fata.*

By J. Q.

AH, whence proceed those *swelling floods* (that rise
Like *restles waves* from my *tempestuous eys?*
The *surges* beat (provok'd by stormy passion)
My weather-beaten *senses* out of fashion.
But ah forbear, (distemp'ring *grief*) surcease
Those *storms*, which rage against the shore of *peace*.
Forbear superfluous *blasts*, be not too brief
To dash my *Soul* against the rocks of *grief*:
But stop a time (sad *Genius*) here's a *stile*
Invites a *rest*; Let's meditate a while:
Can *tears* express a perfect *grief*? Or can
Excess of *language* re-inlarge a *man*

From

From *Death*, benumming ſhades? can blubbe
Invite him back? can integrating *cryes*
Enforce a *life*, in ſpight of *death*? can all
The dolefull *ſighings* in this world recall
Revolted *breath*? Oh no: 'Tis therefore vain
To think that *tears*, can call him back again
From *Heav'ns* immortalizing throne: Thus we
Fond men expand our own infirmitie;
And thus our ſpend-thrift eyes profuſely flow
In laviſh *tears*, for him, whoſe *Soul* we know
Is far more happy, then we can expreſs:
(Why do we then lament his *happineſs*?)
Then go (ſad *Genius*) and adviſe all ſuch
That grieve, to grieve, becauſe they griev'd ſo mu
For him, who *Heav'n* hath lately made a ſtrang
To *grief*, who reſts above the reach of danger;
There let him reſt in a moſt *glorious ſleep*:
And if weak *nature* urgeth us to weep,
Let's weep, may weep indeed, until our eyes,
Blinded with weeping, weep for new ſupplies
Let's weep for *ſin*, let troops of *ſighs* attend
Our haſty tides to their long journeys end.
Oh let's deplore our moſt unhappy *ſtate*
Betimes, for fear leaſt time-devouring *fate*
Blocks up the narrow paſſage of our *breath*,
And ſo ſurprize us with a ſudden *Death*:
And ah, how ſoon the *ſhadow-flying days*
Of man conſumes! how ſoon the troubled bl
Of his frail *life* expires! and ah how ſoon
He finds a *night*, before he thinks 'tis *noon*:

An

nd how the *pleasures* of this fordid *earth*
hadow his *senses*, with a *glimmering mirth*!
nd what's this world? 'tis but a glass, wherein
Nothing appears but *Heav'n-confronting sin*:
Alas, it's *painted beauty* represents
Nothing but *folly*, crown'd with *discontents*:
here's nothing here that truly may be stil'd
happiness; here's nothing but's defil'd.
Alas, alas, in what a sad condition
s *dust-composed man*! what expedition
He daily makes, to gain those things, which gain'd,
Gnaw him like *vipers*; thus are *mortals* stain'd
nd blur'd with vanities; and thus they spend
heir *winged hours*, as if they could not end:
ond *earths-consuming trash* hath so combin'd
heir hearts to *worldly pleasures*, that they mind
Nothing but profit, basely gain'd, which shall
Mount them up here, but after let them fall.
ut where's that *man*, whose *Soul* contrives to be
mparadis'd, and crown'd with *dignitie*?
With *Halalujahs Angels*, which controul
he Family of *Heav'n*, who still inroul
n their sublimer thoughts? how *great*, how *just*
heir *maker* is, before whose *throne* all must
Appear with spotless *Souls*, and fly from hence
With downy wings of Dove-like innocence!
But stay my *quill*; have I thus soon forgot
y *bosom friend*, as if I lov'd him not?
o, no, though he be dead, he cannot dye;
Death cannot drive him from my *memory*,

Where

Where he ſhall reſt, till time ſhall recommend
My *friend-bereaved Soul* unto my *friend*;
For whilſt he liv'd, my *ſympathizing heart*
Was truly *his*, and truly bore a part
In what he ſuffer'd; Ah but now he's fled,
And left me here, to ſay, *my friend is de d.*
Poor *ſoul!* and why poor *ſoul?* raſh tongue cal bad
That fond abortive word; how can he lack,
That dayly feeds upon *delicious dyet* (*quiet*
In *Heav'ns* great *ſtore-houſe*, and knows no *diſ*
This was an Error that my haſty *quil*
Too raſhly ſtept into, againſt my will:
I hope 'tis venial, *reaſon* may afford
A pardon for a grief-relapſed word.
When *paſſion* rules the *fancy*, men become
Vainly *Pragmatick*, or extreamly dumb:
But why *raſh death*, why didſt thou ſend thy *dar*
To take poſſeſſion of his *willing heart*,
And gave no longer warning? was there none
Could pl aſe thy *pallate*, only him alone?
'Twas quickly ended, and as ſoon begun;
Believe me *death*, 'twas but unfriendly done.
But why do I (fond man) expoſtulate
With thee, that art an *all-conſuming fate?*
Th'aſt done a happy deed, I dare not blame
Thy *power*, becauſe I know from whence it came
Shall I, becauſe he was my friend, repine
At his *departure?* was he *Heav'ns* or *mine?*
I yield him *Heav'ns*, not *mine*; but yet I might
Claim him as finite, *Heav'n* as infinite.

H

He was but lent me for a time, that I
And others by his *life* might learn to die:
Whilſt he enjoy'd the *fulneſs* of his *breath*,
His *life* was a preparative for *death*:
His whole delight, and ſtudy was, to pry
Into the boſom of *Divinity*; (that thoſe
From whence he ſuck'd ſuch wholſom ſtreams,
Which heard him, gave a *plaudit* to his cloſe:
His daily practice was, how to fulfil
And proſecute his *great Redeemers* will:
Heav'n was his *Meditation*, and he gave
A reverent reſpect unto his grave:
Faith, *Hope*, and *Charity* did ſweetly reſt
Within the *Counſel-chamber* of his *breſt*.
And in a word, the *graces* did agree
To make one *happy Soul*, and this was he:
As for his *moral duties*, they were ſuch,
That ſhould I ſtrive, I could not ſpeak too much:
His *civill carriage* towards all men might claim
A perfect *right*, to a beloved *name*:
His *actions* were ſo juſt, that they may tell,
He liv'd uprightly, and he dy'd as well:
His *love*, his ſweet *ſociety* might call
Ten thouſand *tears* t'attend his *funeral*.
And to conclude, in him all men might find
A *real heart*, and a moſt *noble mind*;
But now he's gone, his *winged Soul's* aſpir'd
To *Heav'ns high palace*, where he ſits attir'd
With *glorious immortality*, and ſings
Melodious Anthems to the *King* of *Kings*.

There, there his melting *Soul*, raviſh'd to ſee
The *Sun-bright throne* of ſplendent *Majeſtie*
Adores his wel-pleas'd *maker*, who makes knot
He's pleaſed to crown, and keep him for his own
Oh there he reſts free from the rubs of earth,
Hugging no *ſhadow*, but a real *mirth*:
Oh there's no *grief*, no *sorrow* found to vex
His *peaceful Soul*; no *trouble* to perplex,
Or blaſt his *new-bred joys*; there is no *woe*,
No *care*, no *pain*, no *miſery*, no *foe*,
That dare preſume to interrupt him; all
Muſt ſtand aloof, and not appear, nor ſhall
Incroaching bold-fac'd *grief*, nor pale-fac'd *ſpig*
Dare interpoſe t'eclipſe one blaze of light.
Oh there methink I here him ſweetly ſing, (*ſting*
Grave, where's thy power, oh Death, where's t
Methinks I here his warbling tongue declare,
How good his works, how great his wonders are
Methinks I ſee a great united *Band*
Of glitt'ring *Angels*, how prepar'd they ſtand
To welcom *him*: Methinks I hear them ſay, (wa
March on *bleſt Soul*, thou need'ſt not doubt t
Oh *glorious ſight!* In what triumphing *ſtate*
They guard his *Soul* to *Heav'ns reſulgent gat*
Where when he comes diſrob'd of all his *ſin*,
The *gates* fly open, and his *Soul* flies in.
Methinks my *raviſh'd ears* are fil'd and bleſt
With ſuch *harmonious raptures*, and poſſeſt
With ſuch *varieties*, that even I
Were *ſin* abſolved, would reſolve to die.

Me

Methinks I hear within *Heav'ns Ecchoing Grove*
The *quavering Angels* chant, as if they ſtrove
To excel themſelves: Methinks that every *breath*
Is a ſweet *Invitation* unto *death*.
But oh what rare, or what profound *invention*,
Beatifi'd with a ſtrong apprehenſion,
Can ſound the depth of thoſe *delights*, which he
Shall ſwim and bath in to *Eternitie*:
There reſt *dear Soul*, having thus conquered *fate*,
Thy *pleaſures* never ſhall expire their *date*.
There, there the *Alpha* of thy joys ſhall never
Know an *Omega*, but be bleſt for ever
With *Alpha* and *Omega*, who ſhall crown
Thy *throne-approaching Soul* with true renown,
Whilſt we confuſed *mortals*, here below
Gulp up the *dregs of ſorrow*, and beſtow
Curſes inſtead of *prayers* upon each other,
And daily labor to confuſe, and ſmother
Our *ſerene happineſs*, and turn thoſe *joys*
Which *Heav'n* allow'd us, to neglected *toys*:
And thus our deviating *Souls* befool
Themſelves, and practiſe in the common School
Of Errors: Thus erroniouſly we bend
Our *flexive minds* to *folly*, and commend
Non-ſence for *wiſdom*; *Reaſon* being dead,
Repoſe my Muſe, diſcretion calls to bed.

FINIS.